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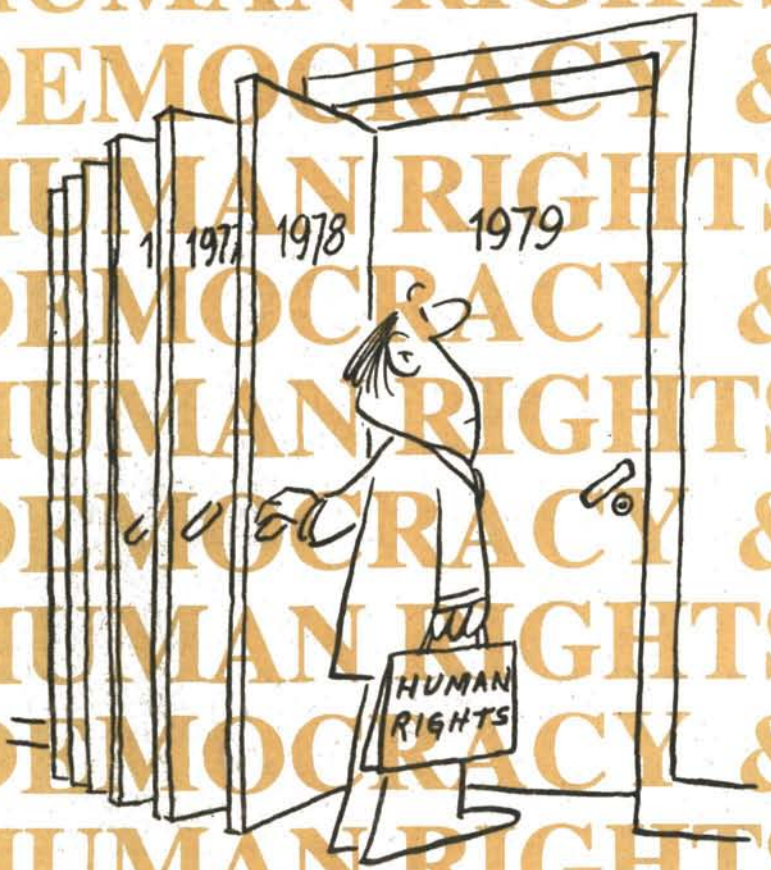

JANUARY 19, 1979

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Correspondence

Invincible ignorance

Niantic, Conn.

To the Editors: I do not understand what Joe Holland means in his letter (Dec. 8) when he writes of a "cyclical-organic society." I do not have the faintest idea what he means when he describes the Catholic social model as stressing the whole over the part "in the form of tradition on its temporal axis and collectively (collectively?) on its spatial axis, while its thought/action leaning is toward cognitive vision." Catholic social thought is very interesting to me, and a discussion of it in relation to Hixson's provocative article (Oct. 13) seemed like a good idea. But all I got was a terrific boost to my sense of my own ignorance when I could not even grasp the meaning of "a linear-fragmented social model." And I bet every other reader knows exactly what he means. I feel miserable.

ROBERT W. MARRION

Bombing Auschwitz?

Lans, Tyrol, Austria

To the Editors: The article of Roger M. Williams on Auschwitz (Nov. 24) I found partly erroneous and partly beside the point. Erroneous insofar as American (no less than British) bombing was *anything but precise*. I could quote innumerable truly "devastating" examples.

Yet Jewish lives could have been saved—not all but many, many. Unlike the Vatican, notoriously a world-center of non-information and misinformation and anything but the world's listening post, (here the words of Ronald Knox deserve an added meaning: "He who travels on St. Peter's Barque should not go down to the boiler room.") the Allies must have known about the extermination camps and not only the truth relating to the concentration camps, familiar to all Germans.

Yet to come to the root of so much of all this evil one has to reread chapter eight of volume one of James Bryce's *The American Commonwealth* re the fiber of the American Presidency. Freud told Max Eastman 50 years ago that he considered Woodrow Wilson not only the greatest fool of this, but of all centuries and an archcriminal. What would this enlightened progressivist have said about F.D. Roosevelt? Instead of using the inane and self-defeating unconditional surrender formula he should have issued in collaboration with the (rebuffed and rejected) German opposition a conditional surrender or even a Peace Formula which not only would have saved Jewish lives (and millions of other lives) but would have not laid lovingly the foundations of a Third World War to come. Not from the miserable, little Vatican radio station, but from powerful Allied transmitters the German People could have been informed in precise terms (and not in unverifiable whispers) of the Nazi horrors and the concrete Allied conditions—with or without the okay of the Nazi Ally of the 1939—41 period. In political, ideological and humane-humanitarianism terms the Allied policy was indescribably bad, benefiting the Nazis temporarily and the Soviets permanently. It is not better today either, but the Free World and the Americans themselves are "stuck" with American leadership, which no European power can replace at the present time, last but not least because as Henry Kissinger told the foreign Ministers of the EEC in Brussels (February 1974) Europe since 1918 had no legitimate governments, i.e. governments with a spiritual-moral authority. Until and unless the "philosophers" are "kings" and the "kings" philosophers (as Plato demanded) the mixture of amateurishness and callousness, the misinformations, misinterpretations and miscalculations of the Free World will go on and on. The responsibility for the sacrifice of millions of Jews indeed—though in different degrees has to be laid at the door of Berlin, London, Washington and even of Moscow.

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Detroit, Mich.

To the Editors: No doubt so excellent a journal as *Commonweal* numbers a good many non-Catholics among its readers who are, like myself, interested in, and sympathetic to, religion. Oh, to be honest, we may slide past the recipes for (and judicious criticisms of) the latest steps in the Vatican Rag, but we learn from your sharp political judgments and still sharper film reviews of Colin Westerbeck, Jr.

But your general-interest article "Why Wasn't Auschwitz Bombed?" (Nov. 24) has some interesting implications for your understanding of your readers.

First of all, the article seems to be patently absurd. Why wasn't Auschwitz bombed? And bombed in *1944?* The obvious reason is clearly that which author Roger M. Williams so unaccountably sneers at —there *was* a war on. Indeed, it might have seemed strange in the extreme to bomb the very people you were trying to save. At the very least, the situation in 1944 must have been a good deal murkier than it is now. And only now, now that we know the extent and the diabolic speed of the killings, might one conclude that bombing Auschwitz would have saved lives—and not all the experts Williams cites (in his very tendentious argument) agree even on that!

So, the interesting question is that: to whom is the article addressed? Certainly not to the people who made the decision (if there ever was, in the sense assumed, a decision made), as most of them, like Roosevelt, are now dead. If the article is primarily a judgment about them, then we learn no more than that there has been widespread anti-Semitism in the U.S. But surely Mr. Williams knows that it needs no ghost, or even *Saturday Review* editor, come from the grave to tell us this. *(Continued on page 29)*

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Editor: James O'Gara
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Editorial Assistant: Anne Robertson
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Movies: Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.
Poetry: John Fandel
Staff: Linda F. Kayler, Harriette Balsky
Advertising Manager: Ruth E. Taylor
Publisher: Edward S. Skillin

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CURBING THE TRAFFIC IN DEATH

SOMETIMES the Carter administration is just too devious for words. When the valuable public servant Paul Warnke offered his resignation as director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, the White House apparently saw a chance to appease arms-minded conservatives in the Senate. Instead of nominating a civilian of Warnke's caliber in his place, Mr. Carter picked a military man, retired Lt. Gen. George M. Seignious, former director of the Joint Staff in the Pentagon. The idea apparently was that Gen. Seignious would have an easier time with Senate hawks than the commendably dovish Mr. Warnke. Then, to make the choice even more ironic, it was discovered by the press that before his new appointment was suggested, Gen. Seignious had joined an organization dedicated to stopping SALT II on the grounds that it would doom the U.S. to military inferiority. A great choice to support SALT before the Senate! Once he was approached as the man to guide SALT through the confirmation process, he resigned from the American Security Council's Coalition for Peace Through Strength, giving the explanation that he was previously unaware of the organization's anti-SALT stance. At best his after-the-fact explanation reflects a political naiveté which strongly argues that Gen. Seignious's interim appointment should never be made permanent. At the same time his selection with its unmistakable aim of appeasing Senate hawks says something larger about this country's general approach to the subject of arms and the arms race.

While the SALT talks move toward their end, the sale of non-nuclear arms by the major powers to smaller nations continues almost unchanged. (Interested readers can pursue the subject further in a valuable booklet "Arms Export Policies—Ethical Choices" from the Office of International Justice and Peace, United States Catholic Conference, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005, 75¢ each.) Before he won the presidency, Jimmy Carter campaigned hard against the international trade in the weapons of death. Now that he is in the White House, however, he apparently finds it harder than he expected to carry out his campaign pledges. Recently Mr. Carter announced that he had placed a ceiling of $8.43 billion on the total value of American arms that could be sold in the 1979 fiscal year to nations not allied with the United States—a very modest reduction from last year's total. The ceiling does not apply at all to American exports to allied countries in Western Europe, to Japan, Australia and New Zealand. Arms sold to notions in this latter category last year amounted to $5 billion, for a total for both allies and others amounting to $13.2 billion. Taking in the arms trade of other nations as well as that of the U.S., the State Department says that arms sales to the developing countries amount to $140 billion since 1970. What this policy of guns instead of bread means for the impoverished people in these lands can be easily imagined. As the Second Vatican Council affirmed, the arms race is "an utterly

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treacherous trap for humanity and one which injures the poor to an intolerable degree."

No one imagines that the United States alone can put an end to this international trade in non-nuclear arms. As things stand now, the arms merchants can argue that "if we don't sell them, others will." What is needed is an international agreement among the great nations to restrain this deadly commerce, and the United States and the Soviet Union have in fact been conducting talks aimed at limiting arms sales to the Third World. These talks seemed like a step in the right direction, but they ran into a serious snag when the U.S. reversed its negotiating position last month just before an important round of talks in Mexico City, apparently as a result of an internal American disagreement between the White House's Zbigniew Brzezinski and the State Department's Leslie H. Gelb, reflecting the deep difference between Mr. Brzezinski and the State Department on how to treat with the Soviet Union. Thus the latest round of U.S.-USSR talks ended with little progress and not much hope for the future, which is a matter for sincere regret. As the largest supplier of non-nuclear arms to the rest of the world, this country should take the lead in seeking to curb the arms trade. This means, in the first place, that we should set a good example by imposing much more stringent limitations on our own arms sales than we have yet done. It also means refraining from conduct such as our reported threat to walk out on the negotiations if the Soviet Union brought up an issue we did not care to discuss, such as arms for Korea. Mr. Carter's heart is apparently in the right place on this subject, but not all his subordinates seem to display the daring and the imagination badly needed if arms limitation is to be achieved.

BAD DAYS FOR LABOR

After years of service as director of the AFL-CIO's legislative department, Andrew Biemiller is retiring. He undoubtedly wishes he were leaving his post when labor's fortunes were at a high, but no such luck. Labor has fallen on evil days, and the future does not look bright. While the number of those employed goes up, the number of union members goes down. The most dramatic example of this development can be seen in the construction industry. Not long ago 90 percent of all construction work in this country was done by organized labor. Today the total is under half. The flight of industry to the Sun Belt has also been a flight away from union organization. General Motors is pledged to maintain a policy of neutrality on unionization in its Southern plants, but 9 out of 10 plants opened by G.M. in the South since 1973 are non-union. This is only one example. Thousands of jobs are being moved to the Sun Belt states, where anti-union sentiment is strong and successful. Union forces are shrinking, hitting a low of barely over 20 percent of the labor force in 1976. And there was a loss of membership for the years 1974-1976 of three-quarters of a million, with the big losses in the industrial unions. To make matters worse, unions have been losing an ever greater number of representation elections, dropping to only 46 percent victories last year, and this year looks no better.

If labor's political program were in good shape, that would be an encouraging element in a discouraging picture, but it is not. After the 1976 Democratic victory in which labor played a crucial part, the unions came up with an ambitious legislative program which it expected an overwhelmingly Democratic Congress to adopt. Labor wanted passage of a construction site picketing bill that had been previously vetoed by President Ford, it wanted job expansion programs, it wanted a new and ambitious minimum wage law. Most of all labor wanted a labor reform law to make it more difficult for employers to frustrate—by long delays—union organizing and bargaining drives. On almost all counts labor lost, often as a result of votes from legislators elected with the help of union money and union efforts. Add to this labor's conflict with the White House over who should pay the price of inflation, and you have a confused and frustrated labor movement.

Given all these problems, it is not hard to see why labor's leaders are not sounding a very optimistic note these days. Anti-union sentiment is growing in management circles, and the goal of union-management cooperation for increased productivity is talked about less and less. Politicians who have let labor down should not get too cocky, however; labor may not be able to get what it wants in the way of legislation, but its support can still make or break many a candidate. And one thing is sure: every candidate from President on down can in future expect to have his credentials checked with an increasingly skeptical eye by labor. You can fool some of the unions some of the time, but you can't fool all the unions all of the time, and it is a wise office-seeker who remembers this.

THE RELIGIOUS VOID

The "Home" section of the *New York Times* is not the most likely place for theological discussion—not amidst the ads for leather and chrome chairs and the articles on transforming abandoned gas stations into summer residences for only $200,000 per room. Perhaps the "Home" section didn't quite know what it was getting into when it published Anne Roiphe's article, "Christmas Comes to a Jewish Home." As the editors announced the next week, the article "drew widespread reaction, most of it negative." On the basis of the letters printed, accusing Ms. Roiphe of not being a Jew, of self-hatred, of religious ignorance, that was an understatement.

What readers objected to was less the author's adoption of a Christmas tree, Dickens and Dylan Thomas, "The Night Before Christmas," and Rudolph, than her abandonment of Hanukkah, of a religious tradition she several times describes as "tribal." Confronted with the story of the plagues and the Egyptians swallowed by the Red Sea, she long ago refused to

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"celebrate a God who was so tribal as to bring harm to one group for the sake of another." From higher education she took away "a sense of belonging to the entire human community." Like her friends she became "rational, humanist, skeptical, existential, uncertain, vague." She treasures the heritage of Christian art, the Raphaels, the Giottos, the Michelangelos; but she would also see herself "in the Samoan or the Buddhist, the gypsy and the Navaho." Approaching her own tradition, she feels "old angers rising," particularly at "the antifeminism of the Jewish patriarchy."

"I prefer the stranger's ways," says Anne Roiphe, in the line that, perhaps more than any other, may have stung her Jewish readers. Her daughter plays the Virgin Mary in a holiday pageant. Her children sing "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." But this family is not Christian either. "The symbol of Jesus is just a symbol, an excuse for human bravado against the void." Jesus is but one element of Christmas, along with Scrooge—a representation of redemption—and the TV specials about Frosty the Snowman, Rudolph and Kris Klaus—"myths," says Anne Roiphe, "about good triumphing over evil, about the victory of the kind and the weak." Her children "who have never heard of the Diaspora or Masada," are not certain whether they are Jewish. "They say they are feminists, humanists." Contemplating their vague identities, she hopes "the world continues to let them choose."

The tale Anne Roiphe tells is, in part, the tale of assimilative pressures on a Jewish minority in a Christian culture. But it is equally the tale of assimilative pressures on the educated classes in *their* post-Christian, secular culture. The rejection of one's own tradition as parochial or "tribal," the relativizing impact of education, the "old angers" at oppressive elements in an ancient faith, the desire to belong "to the entire human community," and to escape the bounds of "a we and a them," the notion of letting one's children "choose"—how often are not the same themes voiced by educated Christian, especially post-Vatican Catholics, right down to the note of regret, the nostalgic admission of loss?

The most telling reply to Anne Roiphe came from the Jewish writer Cynthia Ozick. "I am glad to be an assimilationist," she states. "Not to have a grasp of Christianity—and of Buddhism in all its varieties, and of Islam in its varieties, and of all the other paths and expressions of religious aspiration that crowd, differentiate, thrillingly color and amazingly speckle our all-manifesting planet—not to know my neighbor's way, is in some fashion not to know myself, not to know what it is I willingly receive and what it is I willingly deny."

But assimilation, except among amoebas where "the larger substance swallows the smaller," implies reciprocity. It demands "an exchange of study and of knowledge . . . the justice and plain daily decency of reciprocal learning." Ms. Roiphe, with her image of a small, wrathful, tribal Yahweh, "is unable to make such an exchange," says Cynthia Ozick. "Her hands are empty. . . . From the majority she takes, she takes, she takes; bankrupt, she borrows from her neighbor's spiritual house all its furnishings; or else moves right in, and calls this universalism. . . . She has taken all her worldly notions from the majority culture, including the majority's mistakes, even when they are mistakes about herself. She has no capacity for reciprocity."

One may wince a little at the harsh criticism to which Anne Roiphe exposed herself. After all, she continues to search for the signs that "something is sacred, holy, I don't know exactly what." Both the God who drowned the Egyptians and the God who did *not* save his chosen people from the gas chambers present problems of belief. But to turn away from the struggle of good and evil, weak and strong, in the Exodus and the Holocaust to the version purveyed in Frosty the Snowman, Rudolph and Kris Klaus is to prefer Disneyland to the real world. Grappling with our religious inheritance is never easy; the sense of the void, to which Anne Roiphe refers, can never be far away. But not grappling seems only to add another void—one of our own making.

Election in Brazil

UP FROM FARCE

MANDATE FOR CIVILIAN RULE

ON NOVEMBER 15, some forty million Brazilians went to the polls in a nationwide election that most Americans would call a farce. Since April 1977, Brazil's 14-year-old military regime has enforced successive decrees calculated to stack the political deck in its favor.

As a consequence, the pro-government National Renewal Alliance (ARENA) retained its majority in the federal House and Senate. Thanks too to beholden rural political bosses, especially in the impoverished and patronage-ridden Northeast, it held firm to 19 of the 22 state legislatures.

In contrast, the Brazilian Democratic Movement (MDB), an uneasy coalition of opposition forces and the only other political party permitted by the generals since 1966, carried the popular vote despite great odds. Their 18 million ballots (to the regime's 14 plus) came significantly from wage-squeezed industrial workers and inflation-wracked middle-class urbanites in five key southern states accounting for three-quarters of Brazil's wealth, population and production.

Only careful redistricting in advance and a ban against campaigning on radio and TV braked the MDB bandwagon. Precisely the prospect of an MDB landslide had earlier led the regime to appoint a third of the Senate and then set in motion its trumped-up "electoral colleges." Last September the latter rubber-stamped all 22 hand-picked, incoming state governors and, on October 15, the outgoing President's personally designated successor, another army general.

But even farce can be turned to good purpose. In this case, a virtual plebiscite has challenged the legitimacy of the regime,

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pitted ballots against bayonets and, for the first time since the 1964 military coup, raised high the hope that a quick and peaceful transition to civilian rule is in the offing.

Such an unprecedented transition is never easy, as India and Greece, Portugal and Spain attest. But in the coming months, it is likely to turn on two powerful forces: Brazil's new President and the morally victorious civilian opposition.

In March, General João Baptista de Figueiredo, a cavalry officer turned national intelligence chief, will commence a six-year term that could become the last under military rule. True, this month's revocation of the draconion, decade-old Institutional Act No. 5 does not prevent him from declaring a "state of emergency" under which the soldier's word is law. Nonetheless, by Figueiredo's inauguration, he will have filled key military commands with officers loyal to him. Thus recently triggered military currents keen on a "return to the barracks" could be encouraged, just as encrusted factions intent on rule by repressive "security" apparatuses might no longer find a patron.

On the political front, optimists expect the President-designate to honor the popular will by governing *with* Congress and not, like his predecessors, by canceling at will the mandates and rights of critics in parliament and elsewhere. Issues like rank corruption in high places, political amnesty for all and the calling of a constitutional convention will test the sincerity of Figueiredo's repeated campaign promise to redemocratize Brazil.

Transition from military rule will certainly depend on the civilian opposition as well. Its immediate task is to translate electoral victory into long-term political mobilization. But are the generals apt to oblige? Earlier in 1978, they engineered "reforms" that are designed to alter and perhaps even expand the current two-party system sometime this year. Behind this tactic is the regime's cunning strategy to sidestep the unpopular ARENA or replace it with a new urban, right-centrist party of its own as well as to weaken its opposition by fragmenting its voters into feuding factions on the center-left.

But the plan could still rebound to the people's benefit—depending on the opposition's capacity to put unity above party. For the moment, potentially competitive tendencies—laborite, Christian democratic and socialist—have opted to act within the MDB. Moreover, key leaders such as the U.S.-based exile, Leonel Brizola, a popular one-time governor and titular head of the powerful, re-emerging Brazilian Labor party, have pledged moderation in exchange for the inalienable right to reconstruct Brazilian democracy from the bottom up.

That task, possible only under full freedom, is the very crux of any transition from the rule of force to the rule of law. Should General Figueiredo choose to make himself the hostage of democracy's future, then November's farce will become freedom's prologue.

RALPH DELLA CAVA

(Ralph Della Cava is the Director of the City University of New York Seminar on Contemporary Brazil and teaches history at Queens College.)

Election in Venezuela

RIGHTS & OIL

LOWERING A THIRD-WORLD VOICE

THE RECENTLY elected President of Venezuela, Luis Herrera Campíns, who takes office in early March, is expected to modify the Third World-oriented foreign policy of outgoing President Carlos Andres Pérez, a revision which the Carter administration is likely to view with mixed feelings. Under Pérez, Venezuela has assumed the role of Third World spokesman while managing to eschew the stands of the more militant members of that bloc; within OPEC, for instance, Venezuela has occupied a middle ground between conservative nations like Saudi Arabia, and those like Algeria and Libya which consistently call for annual oil price increases of over twenty percent. The Pérez administration, however, has scored but limited successes in its foreign policy initiatives in favor of a new world economic order.

Herrera Campíns favors a more restrained, low-key foreign policy. Herrera's party, the Christian Democratic Copei, maintains that it is impractical for Venezuela to uphold an outspoken position on human rights at the same time that the nation is forced to accommodate itself to military-ruled neighbors to the south. In addition, Copei has questioned the validity of the term "Third World," a watchword under Pérez. According to Copei, the polarization between socialist and capitalist-oriented nations in Africa, like the sharp division in Latin America between democracies and dictatorships, deflates the idea that the Third World is a cohesive bloc; immense dissimilarities among the underdeveloped nations obviate an appeal to all of them on the basis of common interests, as Pérez has attempted to do.

During the election campaign, Copei capitalized on the government's diplomatic failures, scorning Pérez's shuttle diplomacy and flamboyant style as overplaying Venezuela's importance as a medium-size underdeveloped nation. One such disappointment for the Pérez government was the retention by the United States of the "anti-OPEC" clause of the 1974 foreign commerce law which denies favorable terms of trade to OPEC members; promises on the part of several U.S. administrations to reconsider the clause have failed to materialize.

Another embarrassment for Pérez stemmed from his remarks at the time of the North-South dialogue in Paris, in which he threatened a drastic oil price increase should the "South's" demands go unheeded. He ominously told *U.S. News and World Report*, "Oil is an instrument of negotiation that can be used to create understanding of what the interdependence of nations really means." The "South's" proposals included a moratorium on the Third World's $250 billion foreign debt, the "North's" unilateral reduction of tariffs on

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imports from underdeveloped countries, and the creation of a fund financed by OPEC and the developed nations to stabilize the prices of certain raw materials by means of strategically timed purchases. The conference ended in a stalemate, but at the following OPEC meeting in Venezuela in December 1977, a conservative bloc led by Saudi Arabia and prodded by the U.S. froze oil prices. In an additional letdown for Pérez, the Venezuela President's plan for the creation of a special OPEC fund to bail out debt-ridden Third World countries, presented at the December 1977 OPEC meeting, has failed to strike a responsive chord among OPEC member nations.

President Pérez was far ahead of the Carter administration in his support for human rights in Nicaragua, and in fact called on the United States to take a "more decisive stand" against Somoza. Upon the first signs of popular resistance following the assassination of journalist-politician Pedro Joaquin Chamarro, the Pérez administration attempted to rally international opinion against Somoza, and likened the results of his ruthless repression to Guernica, Spain. Venezuela called an emergency meeting of the Organization of American States, but the move backfired as the majority of OAS member nations, themselves ruled by dictatorships, extended solidarity to the Somoza regime by condemning outside interference in Nicaragua's internal affairs. Later Pérez sent a flight of Air Force planes to Costa Rica, upon request, in order to deter attacks by Nicaraguan troops in pursuit of Sandinista guerrillas. At home, Copei criticized the Pérez government for overcommitting Venezuela in Nicaragua, and for rashly stepping into a conflict which threatened to involve the nation in a military confrontation.

The refusal of the United States to accede to major Third World demands for a new world economic order, or to reward Venezuela for her moderation in foreign policy and for her defense of human rights has undermined Pérez's position. The Carter administration may rejoice at the prospect of Pérez's replacement by the less outspoken Luis Herrera Campíns, but such a reaction would indeed be short-sighted. Pérez's five years in government have posed a challenge to the United States, but it was one that this country could have easily met. That the United States failed to display greater enthusiasm for Pérez initiatives discourages those who would follow in his footsteps, and draws an ever sharper line between our recognized allies and our enemies in the Third World.

STEVE ELLNER

(Steve Ellner is a member of the faculty at the Universidad de Oriente in Puerto La Cruz, Venezeula.)

Of several minds: Frank Getlein

TRIUMPH OF COCA-COLA

WHO FOUND CHINA & WHY IT TOOK SO LONG

AFTER ONLY thirty years, the United States has at last moved to recognize the government of mainland China. Who knows? Next the lightning minds at State may propose recognition of Niagara Falls, the Rockies and similar phenomena which, like China, somehow manage to survive whether we recognize them or not.

As is now customary, following the massive precedent of Indochina and the current one of Iran, the reams of commentary on the new development, both official and journalistic, have mostly focused on the frivolous aspects of the story, from the dramatic 2 a.m. telephone call to Zbigniew Brzezinski to the industrial needs of China which United States industry—starting, apparently, with Coca Cola, the famed industrial leader—may now begin to supply. No one in government and very few outside government bothered asking the fundamental, obvious and probably most profitable question, which is, How come it took 30 years?

When the shadows of the question have threatened to intrude into the general glow of self-congratulation, the answers have almost always been framed in terms of the evolving political nature of mainland China: Whereas under Mao the overriding goal of the state was the capture of Taiwan and the destruction of America's "China," that of the refugee warlord, Chiang Kai-shek, under its present leadership, China is more sensibly concerned with industrialization, the rationalization of agriculture and other goals more affective of daily life than adventures in irredentism. Hence, it was now, at last, possible for the United States to recognize China, as was never possible if China wanted to insist it was China, the whole China and nothing but China.

It is a highly deceptive answer to the question and one which, if it is widely accepted, as seems inevitable, will serve us as badly as the related beliefs that the United States was "betrayed" in Indochina by the rascally Indochinese who refused to honor the "decent interval" concept that existed chiefly in the Republican campaign oratory of Henry Kissinger and that the Shah's troubles are strictly of his own making, with no collaboration from the United States, particularly the CIA, in pressing down the whole society so firmly that it was bound to spring back up toward, if not to, greater freedom.

The answer to why it took 30 years for American recognition of one of the overwhelming facts in 20th-century history, namely the liberation and unification of mainland China from foreign occupiers and from fragmentalizing freelance pillagers on the order of Chiang, accomplished by the Chinese Communist movement under the leadership of Mao, is almost wholly to be sought in American governmental attitudes, which attitudes probably did reflect general popular feeling, at least at one time.

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There are the specifics of the way things actually happened, including, incidentally, the expressed desire of the victorious Mao to take American tutorship in nation-building, an expressed desire exactly parallel to that of Ho Chi Minh in Hanoi at about the same time, but the root answer is to be found in the hysterical, semi-paranoid American anti-Communism whipped up by a succession of Presidents, Secretaries of State and the durable but unendurable chief of the secret political police, J. Edgar Hoover. The Pinnacle of this succession of dedicated and single-minded anti-Communists was surely the rumpled figure of John Foster Dulles, tramping the world in his floppy galoshes to create what has turned out to a highly illusionary system of treaties and alliances with principalities and powers, all too many of whom had to be brought into existence for the purpose of signing the treaty. Simultaneously and both before and after the great galoshes gallivanter, his brother Allen, at the then still new CIA, was running a kind of Murder, Inc., against freely elected leaders in the new nations and in favor of absolutist military dictators.

In the perceptions of the Dulles brothers, Communism was a single manifestation of revolt against the divine order of the world and had to be put down wherever it appeared. The font and origin of all Communist efforts was in the Kremlin and all Communist leaders everywhere worked solely for the interests of the Soviet Union.

Hence, when Mao brought his struggle to a successful conclusion, had the vast country together and under Chinese command for the first time in decades, the question for American policy-makers was not how to relate to a newly reconstituted China, but rather, Who lost China? That question contributed mightily to domestic division and political bitterness in this country, as well as, almost incidentally, clearing the State Department of every single China expert. The fault of the experts was that they had correctly reported that Mao was stronger and better organized than Chiang and would win any conflict between them. When the experts turned out to be right, this was taken as proof that it was they who had "lost" China. The China "loss," of course, also contributed to the rise of Richard Nixon, Joseph McCarthy and assorted lesser charlatans, crooks and clowns of the anti-Communist circus.

Among the other results of the anti-Communist fever that we find ourselves still burdened with are the CIA's Murder, Inc., unless it has indeed been disbanded, continuing alliances with tin-pot military dictators in many parts of the world, a defense establishment which has been out of fiscal control for years and gives no sign of getting back under control in any near future, and the inflation that has come from such lavish expenditure on items that by definition bring no return.

Nation by Communist nation, beginning with Yugoslavia, has demolished the Dullesian-Nixonian myth of the monolith tightly controlled by Moscow and out ultimately to unite the entire world against the United States. If American anti-Communism as foreign policy has fallen apart, and it assuredly has, any Soviet hopes of universal subversion and conquest have suffered at least as grieviously.

It must mean something that the worst enemies of the Soviet Union are Communist states, China and Yugoslavia, and that the nations inflicting the worst economic damage on the United States have been and continue to be the preeminently capitalist states of West Germany and Japan. At the very least it means that both self-styled superpowers are superpowerfully wrong in supposing the future of the world belonged to the two of them to divvy up in the manner more than once suggested by Henry Kissinger with his Metternichian obsessions. It must also mean that the United States was profoundly wrong in basing its foreign policy on the existence of a worldwide conspiracy of Communist states totally united and utterly subservient to the Soviet Union. As should have been obvious from Yugoslavia at the very beginning of the postwar period, Communism has been primarily an instrument of nationalism in spite of the internationalist airs it gives itself, just as republican democracy was an instrument of nationalism in the 19th and early 20th centuries and unifying monarchy was, for that matter, in the 16th and 17th centuries. What neither the Soviet Union nor the United States has been able to stand—and hence to understand—is the idea that most of the new states and indeed most of the old desire nothing more than to live their own growth and structure with no special reference to the wishes of the big powers. If we can grasp that, we will be on the road to sanity in international relations.

FRANK GETLEIN

Of several minds: Abigail McCarthy

WITHIN THE STRUCTURE

FROM 'ORGANIZED HATRED' TO DIALOGUE

As I have suggested in previous columns, many of the difficulties in today's church result not so much from ill will as from the fact that there are so few avenues, channels and processes for communication. That there was no "proper" or official way for the bishops in their recent meeting to communicate with the women who wanted dialogue concerned with ordination is only one example. The efficiency of the church as "Sign" is endangered not by any encroaching democratic initiatives on the part of the "misguided" but by the rigidities of bureaucracy—by the simple fact that there is no way for the people of the church to come to know and respect each other and thus be enabled to radiate its wholeness. Evangelization remains just a word in such a context.

It has been noted often in recent years that the golden era of participation anticipated after Vatican II is a fading dream. "The Council sketched out a

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church in which members—whether lay persons, members of religious orders, priests, or bishops—knew and supported each other in the running of their church, in parishes and dioceses," wrote James Franklin in the *Boston Globe* this past year. "But 12 years after the Council finished its work, most of that vision remains a vision." The structure resists change.

And yet there *have* been efforts toward movement and growth using the outmoded channels we have or bypassing them. The Bicentennial hearings leading to the Detroit meeting constituted one such effort on a nationwide scale. Various bishops have tried to involve all the people of their dioceses in a study and planning process. In some cases, however, these were so pre-planned, and the desired outcome so pre-determined, that the laity participating were more like stick figures being moved from place to place than members of an organic and ongoing body. Yet their initial response indicated the vitality which might burst forth if the energies and talents of the whole people of God were to be released.

What has been happening? According to Dr. Robert Koenigs of the Center for Planned Change in St. Louis, two things. In one case individuals or individual pastoral units are encouraged to experiment with new methods. In the other experts or a planning committee develop a blueprint for change and try to sell it to (or prescribe it for) everyone else. Neither way works.

In the first instance, in which the effort initially "generates enthusiasm, spontaneity and creativity" among those directly involved,the enthusiasm and spontaneity begin to run thin. Why? Because the individual efforts do not seem to be reinforced by the total diocese. "The innovators may come to feel that the hierarchy does not really want innovation. . . . , that it is unwilling to support it and that efforts to innovate merely threaten peers or engender fear among administrators." The burden of renewal has been placed on the individual innovators, whose efforts are often "uncoordinated and under-evaluated" and, with different assumptions and goals, tend to cancel each other out. In frustration they give up, leaving behind "a polarized, fragmented diocese."

At the other extreme, people tend to resist the blueprints of the expert planners because they do not feel the plan is theirs and may not agree with its overall objectives.

Can these difficulties be overcome? Last year an effort was begun in the archdiocese of Boston, with the help of Dr. Koenigs and other social scientists, including professors in group behavioral sciences from Harvard, Boston College and Boston University, to begin a process of change which would make that archdiocese a community of faith truly capable of its mission. They sought to capture the investment and spontaneity of the first approach with the coordination and spiritual grounding of the second.

To attempt this in Boston was certainly a challenge. In the first place Boston is a place of often rancorous division as is vividly implied in the old description of politics there as "organized hatred." Secondly, it has been historically an authoritarian, if colorful, diocese. Third,it is so huge a diocese that it is equal to the whole church in countries on other continents. And, fourth, according to one priest observer, it was, at the beginning of the effort, an archdiocese of "mounting apathy" whose divisions kept it from using the resources of its wealth and pluralism.

The rallying cry was the call to evangelization—the effort, as defined in the documents, to bring the Good News of the gospel into all the strata of humanity and to transform it from within "making all things new." The key, of course, was the commitment of Cardinal Medeiros: "The question before us is what are the *best ways* of evangelizing today? Do I know them? Some. Do you know them? Some. But if we are together, under the light of the Holy Spirit, we can make a tremendous effort to find out."

They set out on a Year of Learning after a week-long retreat which brought bishops, priests, nuns, administrators and lay people into close contact for the first time. "Not the least benefit," wrote James Franklin, *Globe* writer who attended as participant, "may be that members of the same church from entirely different spheres talked together as friends, collaborators, even as equals for the first time in their lives." They were encouraged by the social scientists to recognize that all pastoral planning must be prayerful and given priority, that it is not an event but an ongoing thing, that it required broad participation but not necessarily the same kind of participation from everyone, that the goals developed are, or should be, expressions of enduring values. Above all, they were reminded that such pastoral planning is based "on the assumption that the church is a corporate body and that changes within the church are *interdependent* and need to be in harmony with each other. Thus the reconciliation of differences is at the heart of any pastoral planning effort."

They set up eight pilot projects reflecting the diversity of the archdiocese. One, for example, put together three parishes with many problems and strengths but ethnic in origin and divided by language and customs. Another was a rural parish with a single priest on the edge of the diocese. Another was a parish in affluent suburbia—still another huge and urban. And so on.

At the end of the year of learning, the Cardinal accepted eight programs suggested by the participants in these projects. All of the programs reflected some kind of dialogue, he noted—dialogue which would be ongoing. The three ethnic parishes, for example, planned a linkage in common efforts in "a peer ministry to the elderly, in a three-parish youth ministry, and in social outreach to persons in need of personal and spiritual healing." The large suburban parish hoped to develop unity by creating mini-communities on a neighborhood basis out of which a deeper and richer Christian life might grow. A consortium of parish and community groups in a poverty area planned to concentrate on housing "to show that the church is listening and responding to real human needs." Boston conceives of this as only a start. No one can say that it is not a hopeful one.

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

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THE PARTY RETREATS FROM LIBERALISM

Democrats, dismay & disarray

PETER KOVLER

POLITICIANS love to use naval metaphors and—after the Memphis mid-term Democratic convention last month—there is one that comes to mind immediately: When the ship of state is in rough seas, the first to go overboard are the poor and disadvantaged.

As always during a time of national duress, it appears that the little guy will pay. However, there is one dramatic change in the way that is being done in 1978-79. Black, old and poor people are not being told directly that they will have nothing. Instead, "liberals" are told that *they* will have nothing. The distinction is important because liberals, especially since Tom Wolfe wrote about a certain species of them, are terrific targets. They are either knee-jerk, bleeding heart or limousine. Describing our inability or unwillingness to assist the vulnerable in terms of standing up to "liberals"—who are, it is implied, either dumb or rich or both—saves this administration a lot of embarrassment. Imagine if the President had to go directly to a ghetto family receiving federal assistance to explain the necessity of "fiscal restraint."

So it was in Memphis that the "liberals" were made to seem shrill, silly, irresponsible and naive. One delegate even compared them to the Wobblies. Meanwhile, the mainstream Democrats came out looking responsible, sincere and full of true concern about the national well-being.

For instance, both the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* took on the "left." Said a *Post* editorial: "Some Democrats—out of nothing more sinister, we suspect, than pure laziness—insist on regarding the outflow of more federal bucks for nonmilitary programs and the assertion of more federal authority in the nation's public life as the standard by which an administration's goodheartedness is judged."

The *New York Times* declared: "A more dangerous fantasy, however, also seemed to enchant delegates at the mini-convention. Douglas Fraser, the president of the United Auto Workers, [offered] proposal last weekend [which] reflected the now tired liberal politics of the sixties. . . . Mr. Fraser called on President Carter to keep intact all domestic social programs for the next year."

Edward Kennedy, sounding like Hubert Humphrey, pleaded for national health insurance. The delegates loved him, interrupting his speech several times with the sort of feverish, spontaneous applause that no planned demonstration could have imitated. He said, "More than most Americans I know what it means to have serious illness in the family. Fortunately, my family could afford to pay for all the care we needed. And so the tragedy of serious illness for those we loved was not compounded by the additional tragedy of a heavy financial burden."

"Let us pledge in Memphis," he continued, "at this convention of our party, to make health care a right for all our people now."

While much of the applause continued because he was, if the word is not outdated, charismatic, it was also because he was the first man of substantial power to take a staunch progressive position. In almost the same way that Senator Moynihan moved the "flag-waving" Democratic troops two years ago, Kennedy seemed to articulate best what was on the minds of the progressive delegates.

The key question, it appears, is whether Kennedy and likeminded people will be able to move the Democratic party back to a liberal position. The votes on the final day of the convention indicated that at least momentarily the strength is not there.

Perhaps the most significant vote was the opposition budget proposal made by Douglas Fraser. It came out against increased military spending and asked for a "budget to meet human needs, in no case less than the current budget for human and social services for 1980." The administration opposed the position, claiming their "hands would be tied." The test vote came and the administration won 822-532. The Democratic party, to use the phrase of two conservative columnists, accepted "the Carter anti-welfare, pro-defense spending doctrine."

While progressives had some successes—passing health-care language, D.C. voting rights language and insuring that one-half the delegates to the 1980 convention would be women—in general, the effort appeared weak. One illustration of this came from the relatively progressive California delegation. Scheduled to catch a 3:45 p.m. plane back home, they left without seriously considering whether they should stay to fight. The consensus was apparently that there was nothing worth fighting for.

PETER KOVLER *has written for the* New York Times, The Nation *and other journals. He has served as legislative assistant and speech writer for several Washington political figures.*

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LIBERALS were enfeebled largely because, as Rep. John Conyers (D., Mich.) stated, "We have been co-opted." According to Conyers, "You've got the liberals . . . on the horns of a dilemma. Take Mayor Coleman Young of Detroit. Here at this convention he's the vice-chairman of the party and at the same time he has got to support a budget which will lay off people in his city."

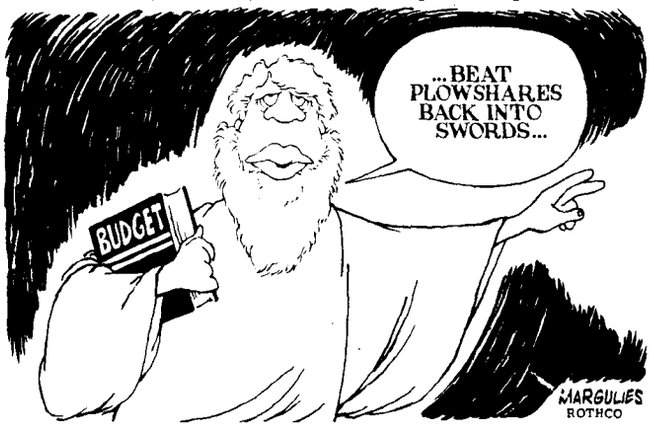
"The question now," he continued, "is what do we do? Do we pass resolutions? Do we drink cocktails? Do we demand, as the black caucus has done, to be listened to? Or do we defect? I don't know what we should do because the administration doesn't appear to be listening. As a result, most of the protests have an empty ring."

"Here we are," he added, "blacks in particular, the people who put Carter into office, and now he's pushing policies that sound like Nixon and Ford but which we would have never tolerated from them."

What most illustrated the dilemma and the co-option were the workshops which had been arranged for the second day of the conference. On issues ranging from urban problems to inflation and from defense to human rights, the Democratic delegates gave their opinions to the Democratic party leaders. The left-wing element in the party almost universally found itself caught betwixt and between. This occurred, for example, at a conference on the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaties. There, delegates posed questions to Senator John Culver (D., Iowa), a close Kennedy ally and a leading spokesman for decreasing the defense budget, and to President Carter.

Senator Culver spoke at length about the waste that comes with defense spending and the necessity of passing the treaty. "A strong defense begins with a strong economy at home," he said, "(We must ask) what is the relationship of defense spending to inflation? Clearly, defense spending, however much is necessary, is, relatively speaking, the most inflationary dollar you can spend because there is no market." Culver was, then, interrupted by enthusiastic applause.

While Culver and Carter are strong allies on getting the SALT agreement through the Senate, they seriously differ on defense spending. President Carter answered Culver this way: "Senator Culver and I are . . . in harmony on almost everything but to say that we are wasting money or to insinuate that we might be wasting money because we build weapons that are never used is (incorrect). We build weapons for peace, and to let the world know that our Nation is strong." The President, too, was interrupted by loud applause.



THE LIBERAL measures at Memphis were backed by the traditionally liberal elements in the party—the mayors, minority groups, unions like the UAW, and so on. But two new coalitions drew considerable attention by their leading roles. Both their names and their constituencies overlapped. The Democratic Agenda, largely led by author Michael Harrington, urged the party to adopt "a progressive program to fight inflation," i.e., don't increase unemployment. The Democratic Conference, whose chairperson is former Minnesota Representative Donald Fraser, strove to open up the Memphis convention through a series of rule changes. The Democratic Agenda's resolution failed. It managed to pull 40 percent of the votes, however, and many seats on the 1980 platform advisory committees.

As much as John Culver might dislike the President's apparent plans to raise defense spending by 3 percent, he also wants to remain united with the President on the SALT accords. As a result, there was uncertainty and the President was not seriously threatened.

As important as co-option was in keeping liberals out of control of the party, a second ingredient was the lack of unity. There were advocates of alternative energy proposals, gay rights proposals, human welfare proposals, labor law reform, women's rights, national health care, D.C. voting rights, open conventions, the rights of Spanish-speaking citizens . . . among many others. Perhaps if these groups had coalesced, they could have gained the support of the majority of delegates. But they remained terribly fragmented.

Indeed, the special interest politics which now permeates elections also has permeated the intra-party conventions. For a reporter, listening to various delegates was like opening the morning "mailing list" envelopes. There were dozens of different "very special" pleas. The protesters outside the hall also reflected this fragmentation.

On one afternoon, 2,000 poor people from 14 states, marching under the banner of ACORN (Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now) protested the apparent cuts in federal aid to low-income citizens. Unquestionably, they were right. But they were also alone. On the preceding Friday evening, anti-Shah Iranians marched in 35-degree weather. They had a just cause but, again, they were isolated. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference held a rally but it had, as Conyers said, "a hollow ring." The gays held a separate march honoring the slain San Francisco supervisor Harvey Milk. The ERA partisans had their festive party, but with a ticket costing $15 there was no way that ACORN or SCLC people were going to attend.

IT SEEMED that towards the end of the convention some were beginning to recognize this failure. So, for example, on the last day the black caucus and the Spanish-speaking people's caucus called a press conference announcing a joint effort.

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Said Shirley Chisholm, "We believe that this was a long time in coming and that we have a natural affinity in our needs and goals; and that if we are united we can go farther."

Indirectly, it seems as if Chairman John White, an administration appointee, recognized and approved of all the clamor. He would go from workshop to workshop saying something like "this debate is what the Democratic party is all about" and then cheerfully proceed. I do not pretend to be able to read his mind but, willfully or not, he encouraged the diffusion of anger.

One gets the impression that, like no other recent Democratic presidency, the Carter administration remains strong not through one man's leadership but through one man's ability somehow to get the support of 51 percent of every group. When the President spoke to the delegates, few stirred. But, later, when one sees him standing with Coretta King, Andy Young and Walter Mondale, at least from the left the President is politically and ideologically invincible. If not a master of rhetoric, this President is a master of knowing the power of symbols and coalitions.

It is truly impossible to say that for liberals this convention was a disappointment. To be a disappointment, after all, there have to be high expectations. Instead, the convention was a sort of signal. It showed that the current Democratic party is conservative in nature; it showed that only when really shoved—a mere push won't do—will the party adopt liberal measures. When the American public, particularly the disadvantaged part, discover what has happened, there may be a reassessment of this development. Battles of ideas and policy are still taking place within the Democratic party. But for the moment liberals or others who voiced concern for the disenfranchised are losing.

Essentially, the Democratic paty at this time has betrayed some of its best traditional goals. This administration is not going to offer even small benefits to the disenfranchised. And no amount of liberal-baiting will contradict that fact.

POLITICAL VIRTUOSITY

Spain takes a constitutional

BENJAMIN MARTIN

POST-FRANCO Spain's evolution has confounded the direct predictions of most specialists and politicians who considered authoritarianism too deeply entrenched for a return to democracy to take place without a prolonged period of turbulence and violence. Despite their misgivings, Spain has seen a democratic transition accompanied by political and social concord. But the honeymoon may soon end as Spain heads for a time of difficult political decisions and a crucial testing of the viability of its fledgling democratic structure.

The tranquil changeover thus far has been largely due to the political virtuosity and skills of both the government—especially King Juan Carlos and Prime Minister Adolfo Suarez—and of the two principal parties of the left. The government's transition strategy called for a continuance of power once elections were held by easing in democracy while gradually disarming the retrograde elements in the military and elsewhere. The parties of the left understood that this could be accomplished only if the King's man, Adolfo Suarez, a product of the Franco regime, steered the ship of state during the hazardous and tenuous passage to democratic rule. They also had the wisdom to recognize their lack of background, experience, or authority to run the country.

The center-right government of Suarez's Democratic Center Union Party (UCD) which took office following the June, 1977 parliamentary election had two aims: preside over the country while a new constitution embodying the basic norms of the democratic political system was drafted, and the continued dismantling of the extensive institutional infrastructure that was the legacy of four decades of authoritarian rule.

But it was not possible for a government lacking a parliamentary majority to assume the unilateral management of the transition process and the country's lagging economy as well as the drafting of the new constitution. An understanding between the major political forces was required—most importantly with the Socialist Workers Party (PSOE)—since the two parties together control more than three-quarters of the seats in the Cortes. This led to the signing of the "Moncloa Pact" in the fall of 1977 by which the parliamentary parties committed themselves to a consensus approach and support for a program of social and economic austerity measures.

For the Socialists, "Moncloa" meant abandoning their normal opposition role and accepting what in effect amounted to a political armed truce. They needed time to convert a recently legalized party into a cohesive political force and to avoid a strong opposition posture that could have a destabiliz-

BENJAMIN MARTIN *is Director of the Spanish Labor Project of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in Washington.*

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ing effect on the fragile transition process.

In a country where political agility is practiced as a refined art form, Communist leader Santiago Carrillo is rightfully regarded as an outstandingly astute and clever tactician. Support of the Moncloa Pact provided an excellent opportunity to advance the legitimation of his party and lend credence to the Communist Party's (PCE) claim to a democratic and constructive vocation. The accords have been zealously upheld with Carrillo publicly claiming, with some justification, to be one of the Pact's principal architects.

DURING the past year all parties have largely adhered to the consensual accords, affording Spain low levels of political controversy and social unrest. The economy has consequently benefited from a successful program of wage controls which had the support of the two principal labor bodies that are linked with the PCE and PSOE. The climate of restraint was further reinforced by the lengthy negotiations between the various political leaderships in the drafting of a new constitution.

Professor Tierno Galvan has aptly described the constitution as "an articulated ensemble of concessions." It avoids traditionally divisive issues through the employment of purposely vague circumlocutious language. Its most positive virtues are the granting of partial autonomy to Catalonia, the Basque area and other regions (though many in the Basque region remain dissatisfied) and its compatible applicability to governments of the center right or the left.

Despite a lower participation rate than expected, the Dec. 6th referendum demonstrated strong support for the new democratic constitution (87.8 percent voted "yes"). Voters in the Basque provinces, however, abstained in massive numbers to underscore their dissatisfaction with Madrid's terms for regional autonomy. This troubled region, to quote the *Economist*, "remains the awkward customer of Spanish politics." A part of the 7.5 percent "no" vote is attributable to the active opposition of conservatives in the church led by Cardinal Primate Gonzalez and eight bishops. The bulk of the church hierarchy maintained a position of neutrality.

Following the adoption of the Constitution two crucial electoral contests are now set whose outcome could very well determine the course of political life for some years to come. Prime Minister Adolfo Suarez has decided to reject as too risky the possibility of staying in power by seeking parliamentary investiture with the aid of other parties. He has chosen instead to dissolve Parliament and schedule new elections for March 1st. Municipal elections remain set for early April.

As the two parties prepare for their second major electoral confrontation of the post-Franco period, both must make difficult choices. Furthermore, great insecurity prevails over the outcome of the March 1st balloting.

Despite efforts underway to achieve greater political and organizational cohesion, the UCD remains an electoral coalition of 12 groups possessing markedly divergent ideologies and backgrounds. A leading UCD figure is reputed to have observed that the governing party is essentially "a machine to win elections."

But the government can count on impressive advantages. Suarez has at his disposal a vast, still highly centralized government machinery which he can mobilize in a large-scale effort to reverse present trends. In the June, 1977, elections the UCD was able to impose an electoral system that favored the rural areas and small towns where UCD strength is greatest and under-represented the cities, where the Socialists predominate with the result that UCD won 47 percent of the seats in the Congress of Deputies with only 34 percent of the vote. The center right is in a position to reimpose such a weighted voting system in the next election as well.

Barring unforeseeable developments, the odds are against either the UCD or PSOE garnering an effective majority of the Parliament seats. For this reason alternatives are being weighed:

The formation of a coalition with the conservative Popular Alliance (AP) and allied groups is being urged upon Suarez. The AP obtained 8 percent of the vote in the June elections and therefore may be in a position to furnish the seats needed by UCD to establish a parliamentary majority. Suarez has thus far flatly rejected the siren calls from the right for he realizes that to embrace such a stratagem might lead to a loss of support among moderate left voters for whom both major parties are strenuously competing. (The moderate left vote is crucial to the political fortunes of both parties, underscored by the proposal earlier in 1978 of Felipe Gonzalez for PSOE to abandon its identification as a Marxist party.) He also fears that such a coalition would polarize the country, tend to confer a rightist image on UCD and possibly contribute to the formation of a Popular Front on the left. Furthermore, the price the Popular Alliance would exact for its support could make such a collaboration unmanageable.

Socialist leader Felipe Gonzalez is confronted by equally nettlesome alternatives. A PSOE electoral victory would represent a major departure from the present relation of political forces and a ceding of power for the first time in four decades to a party long in the forefront of the anti-Franco struggle. A political change of this magnitude, unless carefully managed, could trigger a dangerous crisis for the still nascent democratic structure, one whose outcome it is difficult to anticipate.

Even if it emerges as the largest party, PSOE will probably fail to gain a parliamentary majority. Hence, a goverment of moderate left forces is envisaged that could include the regional parties of Catalonia and the Basque region and induce the defection of the Social Democratic sector of UCD.

A Socialist government would also have the thorny dilemma of what to do about the Communist Party (PCE). Socialists view the Communists with deep suspicion and hostility, an antipathy that is rooted in present circumstances and history. The uneasy relationship between the two parties is largely due to the fact that an extension of Communist influence can only occur at the expense of the Socialists. This rivalry has impelled the PCE to work for a continuance of the present center-right regime rather than a Socialist-led government. Also there is a lingering resentment over the repressive, divisive role of the PCE during the thirties; Santiago Carrillo and other key party

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figures are men of the civil war generation. The Socialist strategy for attaining power, therefore, precludes collaboration with Carrillo's party.

The PCE obtained 9 percent of the vote in June, 1977 (as against 29 percent for PSOE), making it the third largest in the Cortes. It is expected to do slightly better in the next elections. Furthermore, the PCE's positive contribution to the successful accomplishment of the transition process is widely acknowledged. Not very long ago a senior aide to Cardinal Tarancon, who heads the council of Bishops, observed to the writer that Spain is fortunate to possess moderate, responsible Socialist and Communist parties.

Should PSOE emerge first in the next elections but fall short of a parliamentary majority, it is doubtful that the Communists would participate in a governing coalition. Nonetheless, the Socialists are likely to seek some sort of accommodation with the Communists short of cabinet participation. A principal reason is the crucial role of the PCE in trade union affairs. The Spanish labor movement is dominated by two labor confederations, the somewhat larger Workers Commissions Trade Union Confederation (CC.OO.) under the control of the PCE and the Socialist-linked General Union of Workers (UGT).

A Socialist government would take office during a period of economic recession requiring a persisting policy of belt tightening and wage restraint; the support of both labor organizations would be indispensable. But CC.OO. support for these unpopular measures is unlikely without prior accommodation with the Communist Party. In the absence of a *modus vivendi* the CC.OO. might launch a campaign of militant opposition to wage controls and other austerity measures.

ONE WAY out of the present situation would be the establishment of a UCD-PSOE government. Such an alliance would extend the climate of consensus and give the government a freer hand in dealing with the grave social and economic difficulties confronting the country. It would also afford the Socialists an opportunity for gaining experience in running the country.

But the possibly adverse consequences of such a union are equally impressive. A UCD-PSOE coalition would place major emphasis on a program of social and economic reforms which could result in the loss of conservative support for UCD. This could energize the political right, in disarray since the end of Francoism, and stimulate present efforts at regroupment. Similarly a Socialist presence in the government might render its left flank vulnerable to inroads by the PCE. PSOE must also carefully weigh the dangers involved in possibly compromising its standing and thus foreclosing future prospects. A decision to enter the government may also generate internal divisions within both Socialist and UCD ranks.

The formation of such a government would also have a decisive influence on Spain's future security arrangements. Both the U.S. and Western European governments are urging Spain to join NATO. The Socialists, however, are opposed, which would probably result in the indefinite postponement of any decision on NATO membership.

Initial poll-taking at the opening of the electoral campaign suggests that UCD possesses a marked edge. This represents a substantial change since the polls during most of 1978 reflected a loss of UCD support as a result of rising unemployment, an economic slump and a corresponding increase in the number of PSOE voters.

Spanish political analysts attribute the change in UCD fortunes to continuing terrorism in the Basque provinces and the recent aborted coup attempt by a small group of disgruntled military officers. For the time being at least, this seems to have produced an increased popular preoccupation with law and order, a development that tends to favor right-of-center parties and disfavor the left.

It is unclear, however, whether this change in the popular standings of the parties in the polls accurately reflects the actual state of affairs. It is worth recalling that the pollsters' predictions on the eve of the June 15, 1977 elections were not terribly accurate. Furthermore, voter behavior in recent years has tended to be fluid and highly volatile. A further complicating factor is a growing disenchantment among many voters with politics.

The decision by Suarez to select March 1st as the election date represents a calculated gamble. Socialists are expected to gain control of many large city mayoralties in the forthcoming April elections. By scheduling the Parliamentary vote a month earlier and emerging on top, he hopes thereby to cut his losses in the Municipals.

Suarez probably had little alternative, for an election at this time is an exceedingly risky undertaking. UCD may possess the initial advantage but the election is likely to be a hard-fought contest. Felipe Gonzalez has already amply demonstrated his great talents as a campaigner. He is handsome, magnetic and probably the most effective public orator in public life today. As before, he can count on valuable technical and political assistance from the powerful West German Social Democratic party.

The most likely outcome at this writing is a close contest in which neither of the two parties will emerge with sufficient parliamentary seats to constitute a one-party government. Should UCD win a plurality and be chosen to head the new government, unless it can persuade the Socialists to participate, the prospects for the establishment of a strong government will be exceedingly poor. The honeymoon may have ended but the country's political future remains hostage to the fortunes of the two parties and their ability to prevent their rivalry from reaching destructive proportions.

This issue lists, on pages 30 and 31, the names of 288 Commonweal Associates, individuals who volunteer to contribute between $50 and $500 annually toward the support of the magazine. Well over a hundred new names are on the list this year. Without all the Associates' help the magazine could neither survive nor—equally important at this time of political, religious and cultural change—improve its quality and widen its influence.

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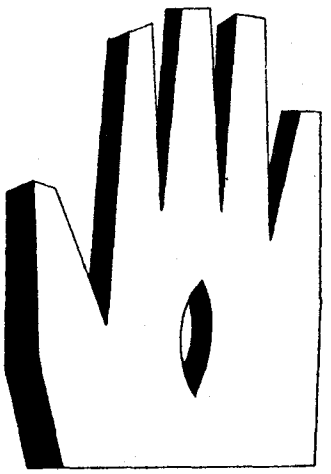
'BREAD, LIBERTY, JUSTICE!'



The Gospel & human rights in Chile

J. BRYAN HEHIR

THE PAST YEAR was both the thirtieth anniversary of the *Universal Declaration on Human Rights* and the fifteenth anniversary of John XXIII's encyclical *Peace on Earth*. The convergence was a happy one. From *Peace on Earth* through the multiple statements of Paul VI to Pope John Paul II the universal church has, in the words of the 1974 Synod, "become convinced that protection and promotion of human rights is central to her ministry."

No sector of the church has taken this theme to heart quite as effectively as the post-Medellin church of Latin America.

- In San Paulo, Brazil, where Cardinal Paulo Evaristo Arns has fashioned a style of pastoral ministry around the theme of human rights, a week's observance culminated on 10 December, the anniversary of the Universal Declaration.
- In Paraguay, in the face of the longest reigning dictator on the continent, the embattled Commission for the Defense of Human Rights sponsored an ecumenical observance on December 8-10.
- In Chile, led in a unique manner by Cardinal Raul Silva of Santiago and the Vicariate of Solidarity, the church sponsored an International Symposium on the church and human rights from November 22-25.

I attended the Chilean observance, where Bishop Lawrence McNamara of Grand Island, Nebraska, and I represented the U.S. Catholic Conference. I offer less a newsreel account of the event than reflecions provoked by the moving celebration we witnessed.

To understand the International Symposium, it is first necessary to have a sense of the role of the Vicariate of Solidarity in the life of Chile since 1976. The Vicariate is the successor to the Committee of Cooperation for Peace, the ecumenical body established just after the military coup in 1973 to work with political prisoners who had fled to Allende's Chile only to be caught in the repression of the coup.

The Committee, ecumenical in membership but principally protected by the stature and leadership of Cardinal Silva, was so successful in its work that the Pinochet government applied significant pressure in 1975 to have it closed. The Cardinal agreed but immediately reconstituted the work of the Committee through an agency of his own diocese, the Vicariate.

The bulk of the Committee's early work dealt with the thousands of political refugees from other countries caught in Chile on September 11, 1973 and with the thouands more Chileans who were arrested, detained or fired from their jobs. Gradually, the refugee problem was solved and most of the detainees (held without charges under state of siege) were eventually released.

The Vicariate was thus able to focus more on the perduring problems of unemployment, hunger and malnutrition, medical care, etc., as well as to continue pressing the government on the still unresolved issue of the disappeared. The Vicariate has been the most complete and authoritative source of detailed information both on prisoners and the disappeared. Their well-staffed research and legal departments are unmatched anywhere else.

The International Symposium gathered a remarkable assembly of human rights advocates (U.N. Commissioner Theo Van Boven, Niall McDermott of the International Commission of Jurists, Martin Ennals of Amnesty International, Cardinal Arns and theologian Jose Miguez Bonino of Argentina). The program combined scholarly papers with moving liturgy and carefully planned visits to the homes and neighborhoods of the poor, the unemployed and the families of the disappeared, who form the constituency of the Vicariate. The general sessions blended broadly-based analysis of human rights today with pastoral testimonies from representatives of Catholic and Protestant churches. Bishop McNamara provided a sensitive greeting from the U.S. Catholic Church by drawing upon his experience in the Campaign for Human Development. Mr. William Thompson, President of the National Council of

FATHER J. BRYAN HEHIR *is Associate Secretary of the Office of International Justice and Peace of the United States Catholic Conference in Washington.*

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Churches, reported the Council's wide-ranging activities in defense of human rights domestically and internationally.

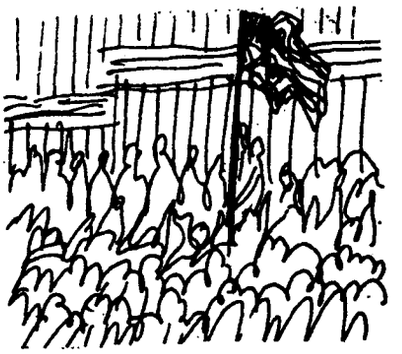
Capacity crowds attended all the public events, but the climactic moment of the three days was the closing service in the cathedral. Father Cristian Precht, the truly exceptional leader of the Vicariate, is a liturgist by professional training, and the last event was a masterpiece of drama, blending symbols, word and witness. With Cardinal Silva presiding and Catholic and Protestant leaders, men and women, playing major roles, a biblical service of light and life moved toward a culminating moment when a massive candle bearing the themes of the Symposium was lighted in the center of the altar. The cathedral, filled to capacity with hundreds of participants holding burning candles, resounded with "The Ode to Joy" transformed by words proper to the situation in Chile today.

Only when the liturgical event had finished did the massive crowd begin a chant of *libertad! libertad!* This soon grew to *pan, libertad, justicia*—"bread, liberty, justice!"—as the crowd spilled into the street outside the cathedral, manned at both ends by the Chilean army. The situation was potentially explosive, but the chanting crowd marched back and forth, then dispersed. Two characteristics stand out: a people starved for the right of peaceful assembly had found through the church a means of expression which the government couldn't suppress; and the crowd was made up predominately of young people desirous to take their future in their own hands.

The entire Symposium was permeated by two characteristics of the post-Vatican II church. First, that the church is the people of God; second, that the work of justice, peace and human rights is central to the ministry of the church. In a situation of oppression the Chilean church has found a way to weave these two ideas into the fabric of a living faith. The Vicariate could not exist without the institutional church. The moral authority of the Cardinal is the shield which provides the freedom for the Vicariate to function; the leadership of Christian Precht permeates the ministry of the Vicariate. But the institutional aspects of the Vicariate modestly support the dedication and work of a remarkable assembly of lay people and religious who obviously have given their lives over to this work. The lay executive secretary Javier Luis Egana blends competency and compassion in his eighteen-hour day; the young woman who served as my guide during the three days finds a community of commitment and a field of action in the Vicariate which shapes a vocation as demanding and fulfilling as any religious community could ever provide. Most of all, the Vicariate is the community of the poor: it is their Vicariate, it works for them and through them, and is defined in terms of their lives.

Together, clergy and laity have placed the resources of the Gospel and the stature of the church at the service of human rights. At the present moment in Chile, as in other places in Latin America, the church is the only institution which can support these activities in the face of an authoritarian government which has suppressed the normal channels of democratic process, from peaceful redress of grievance to public assembly to freedom of speech and thought. One of the resources the church in Chile has to assure its circle of freedom to function is the international solidarity of other churches, Catholic and Protestant. The World Council of Churches, for example, in the person of Dr. Charles Harper, has provided tremendous support to the Vicariate since its inception.

The present work of the Vicariate is centered on two questions: the fate of the working class which is bearing the crushing burden of the present economic plan in Chile; and the plight of the families of the disappeared, the many hundreds of Chileans who have never been accounted for by the Chilean government. While waiting for the plane to Santiago, I was treated to a column of William Buckley praising the faithful adherence of the Chilean government to the advice of Milton Friedman. Mr. Buckley rightly contended that the Chilean *peso* has a new standing in the international financial community. The column was vividly before me on Friday afternoon as Methodist Bishop James Armstrong of the Dakotas and I were guests of the people of the Northern Zone of the Vicariate. Representatives of youth, the unemployed and the women who operate the Vicariate soup kitchens rehearsed for us in the most specific and dramatic way how their lives have been directly devastated by the success of the Friedman model for Chile. Unemployment in the community affects over half of its members; we were given a list of those being systematically expelled from their homes because they can't meet minimum payment of rent; the workers not only have no jobs, they are now deprived of any institutional form of representation through the unions; health care, a concern of all three preceding governments (Alessandri, Frei and Allende), is now nonexistent for them. The Buckley column was accurate about the macro-level of the Chilean economy, but it was silent about the fact of who is paying the price. The Vicariate has moved into the area where any human government should be: it has initiated small scale industries and handicrafts in an admirable but overwhelmingly difficult task of trying to meet the most basic needs of the majority of people in metropolitan Santiago.



On Saturday, we were provided the opportunity to meet with five women whose husbands or fathers or sons are among the disappeared. Their courage and resourcefulness in keeping this issue alive is matched only by the callous cynicism of a government which is trying to close the book on the fate of the disappeared by a legal device which would absolve the junta from acknowledging what has happened to these men. Here again the experience of our interview clashed with a memory.

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After the Chilean coup Mr. Kissinger was alleged to have said that the U.S. could not allow the Chileans to choose an "irresponsible path" for the political future of their country. Almost all of the disappeared whose families we met were members of the political parties which are not reflected in the U.S. political spectrum. One could not sit through that interview without realizing the price others have paid for a U.S. definition of what is "responsible" political choice. Is it too much to hope that one fruit of this awful cost will be that we will rethink our definition of how the choices of others are not legitimately in our hands to manipulate?

The theme of the Symposium inevitably provoked informal discussions about human rights and U.S. foreign policy today. A heavy layer of suspicion covers any Latin American analysis of the Carter initiatives, but if the discussion is at all extended the picture becomes more nuanced. One professional analyst, while expressing doubts, did acknowledge that the policy has been effective in providing space for people to speak and act in a continent marked by repression. Suspicion, yes; but in this case not an entirely negative judgment either.

The value acknowledged in Carter's policy leads, however, to further questions. A human rights policy, in a narrow sense, amounts to limiting the damage which dictators wreak upon a silent and defenseless populace. Going beyond this narrow sense raises more substantive policy issues, more structural issues of U.S. political and economic relations with Latin America. The logic of a human rights policy points toward a redefinition of political-economic relations, since exercise of fundamental freedoms by the Latins will produce in time a call for new structures in their countries, in turn requiring new relationships with the North. Those who find the human rights policy, for all its ambiguity, a positive initiative in both the Congress and the administration (as I do) need to be thinking about how it can be expanded to include the larger, inevitable questions which follow it.

To be sure, the suspicion of the Latins is not easily overcome as they watch certain dimensions of the human rights policy. The preeminent case in point is Iran; it poses the question of whether human rights will count when they are in competition or in conflict with the perceived short-term political and economic interests of the U.S. No human rights policy is conceived or implemented in isolation from such interests. But when the focus on rights is totally submerged at crucial moments of decision-making, as seems to be the case in Iran, the prevailing suspicions escalate rapidly toward open cynicism about U.S. intentions. Human rights-based policy is value-based; consistency is one test of value-based policy.

Finally, we come full circle to what the Chilean example says about the future of the church and human rights. For the Latin American church, the upcoming Puebla conference will provide a moment of choice and opportunity. It would be difficult to conceive of the Vicariate without the impetus provided by Medellin. It is equally difficult to think of the future of the church in Latin America without acknowledging the role Puebla will play. The International Symposium themes are very hopeful in the face of Puebla; it also makes one conscious of the stakes there. As an outsider one can only hope that the wisdom and spirit of the Symposium, à la Silva and Arns, will be reflected in the decisions which will shape the future of the Latin American church.

For other churches, like our own in the U.S., the Symposium is both a challenge and an invitation. The witness of the Chilean church and of the Medellin churches is not simply an event to be admired. We have our own burdens to bear, our side of the justice-peace-human rights agenda to meet.

Dance

B & B AT NEW YORK

BARYSHNIKOV MEETS BALANCHINE

AT PRESENT there is no more potent name at the ballet box office than that of Mikhail "Mischa" Baryshnikov, who this past spring decided to transfer his formidable talents from American Ballet Theater to New York City Ballet. While an indecent amount of ink was spilled trying to calculate precisely how much money he was foregoing as a result of the switch, the reason for the anticipated financial loss was completely ignored. It is the nature of New York City Ballet as a popular theatrical enterprise—that is available to the widest possible public at affordable prices—that has made it resistant to an exorbitant salary scale.

The company as we see it today, with its predominant concentration on native talent and its still moderated ticket prices, reflects the intent of the late Fiorello La Guardia, mayor of New York in 1943 when the city acquired the Mecca Temple, renamed it the New York City Center of Music and Drama and opened its doors to the theater-going public. We have long since lost those 90-cent tickets that many of us grew up on; but in view of the cost of staging opera and ballet, the present scale reflects only a portion of the true cost of presenting the attractions. The company raises the remainder from private and public funding sources and has resisted pricing itself out of the range of the intended audience.

It has, of course, raised its prices prudently but not greedily; and when Baryshnikov decided he needed to work with George Balanchine, he had to fit himself within the philosophical framework—both artistic and monetary—of the company. He decided that his artistic growth required the sacrifice. One assumes that Robert Irving, the company's brilliant English conductor for the past 20 years, has forfeited an equally enticing knighthood for similar artistic considerations. In any case, Irving's contributions have been evident for two decades and Baryshnikov's are only just beginning. This fall he made his first appearances with the company and appeared on public television's "Dance In America" series in Balanchine's "The Prodigal Son," the last ballet Balanchine

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created for Sergei Diaghilev's "Ballets Russes" in 1929, the year of the latter's death.

Barysnhikov, it must be said in all fairness, is attempting to make the leap from the 19th century into the 20th in the full glare of massive publicity. It is an act of extraordinary courage and commitment which requires that he re-educate his mature dancer's body to the velocity and intricacy of Balanchine's musical, fluid and exceptionally difficult choreography. He has succeeded best in those works, notably "Harlequinade," which allow for a little more preparation time such as he was accustomed to in his native Russia.

Balanchine created "Harlequinade" as a homage to the traditional ballets he himself grew up performing as a child—and the ballet is as precisely assembled in its parts as was any formula ballet of the 19th century. Balanchine freshened it considerably when he mounted the production in 1965; and Patricia McBride, then the pert, sweet Columbine, is still a bright ornament in it as she is courted by the roguish Harlequin. Baryshnikov's feel for characterization and his careful study of all dramatic nuances make him a brilliant foil for Miss McBride; and the ballet sings along at a very high level. He is happily paired with her again in Jerome Robbins's "Other Dancers," a work he performed previously with Natalia Makarova at American Ballet Theater.

Baryshnikov is less fortunate in the totally abstract "Rubies" portion of "Jewels," but he manages a credible though disconcertingly Russian interpretation of a ballet that sparkles with the playful urban glamour and wit of Broadway or Hollywood musicals rather than rustic naughtiness. Because of his extreme quickness, he manages to dance within the time of the ballet but still lacks the anticipatory readiness that characterizes the Balanchine dancer. In Balanchine ballets, time waits for no man or woman, especially with the musically vigilant Irving in the pit.

Dancing for the television camera is altogether another experience, but again Baryshnikov does well in the dramatically based "The Prodigal Son." He invests its story with conviction and energy, allowing us to see him as the great artist he is. Yet this is Balanchine's choreography before the development of the great plotless ballets, and it is precisely these latter works that Baryshnikov has joined New York City Ballet to master. The program "Choreography Balanchine Part 3" was first seen in New York toward the end of November and will fortunately be repeated at other times in other locales throughout the year. Also included on the program was a specially edited version of "Chaconne," Balanchine's ballet utilizing music from Gluck's "Orfeo." The leading roles were ravishingly danced by Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins, who have become the paradigm for the style of seamless classic dancing as envisioned by Balanchine.

The couple were seen again at the opening of the annual production of "The Nutcracker" that forms the center five weeks of New York City Ballet's fall/winter season. Since it first appeared in 1954, the production has spawned hundreds of imitations across the land, providing many with their first exposure to ballet. The first act has all the story and the second all the dancing and Miss Farrell reigned strikingly over the dream world of the "Land of Sweets" with her dashing cavalier Mr. Martins, acknowledging their little visitors from the real world while showing them all the Christmas delights at their consideable command.

DON MCDONAGH

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Screen

ALTMAN'S 'A WEDDING'

A DEARTH IN THE FAMILY

IN ALL his recent films, including *A Wedding*, Robert Altman has made the kind of satire that delivers a big, round-house right to the whole society. Only a director capable of great economy as a story-teller—Orson Welles is another—can do satire on this epic scale. Just as Welles was able in *Citizen Kane* to describe the entire course of a marriage in a few snippets of conversation at the breakfast table, so Altman can neatly create the personalities of a half dozen characters at a time. Both directors are masters of the vignette. When Altman's wedding party returns from the ceremony to the reception at the house, for instance, Altman just sends everyone off to the bathroom. As people cue up to use the facilities, in that little tension between a formal occasion and everyone's bodily functions, Altman can establish in a gesture or exchange of pleasantries what another director would need a whole scene to get across. If he couldn't move so swiftly and deftly, Altman couldn't work on a stage this size, with a cast of sixty and over two dozen important characters.

The more people your satire includes, however, the more trouble you are going to have with one person who must necessarily be in it: yourself. If you are sending up the whole world, you somehow have to admit your own place among the

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victims. You have to let that round-house punch come full circle and clip you on the chin, too. After all, what makes *Citizen Kane* great is that Welles played Kane himself. Altman's solution to the problem is not to act in his film, but rather to project onto one of the roles in it a parody of his own role as maker of it. In *A Wedding*, as in *Nashville*, this surrogate figure is the most obnoxious, irredeemable character in the movie, the one whom the satire ridicules most pitilessly. It is the character played in each film by Geraldine Chaplin.

In *Nashville*, she plays the BBC reporter who is running around trying to do a documentary on the Nashville scene. Since this is what Altman is doing himself in essence, she has to be taken, I think, as a bit of self-caricature. Her habits as an interviewer are even rather like his as a writer-director. Just as he tends to interrupt a scene and go on to something else anytime he pleases, so she compulsively jumps up in the middle of interviews, usually at the moment the subject is about to reveal his innermost thoughts, and rushes off after some celebrity she has spotted. In *A Wedding* Chaplin plays the "wedding co-ordinator," Rita Billingsley, who is in charge of all the arrangements for the reception. It is her job to MC events like the viewing of the presents, and to see to it that everything comes off smoothly. This makes her job not unlike Altman's, which is to dream up activities and intrigues for everyone to become embroiled in, and to see to it that the festivities get as generally screwed up as possible.

It may even be that this time Altman is a little *too* like his anti-self played by Chaplin. Like Rita, Altman gets very caught up in the occasion, the ritual of mating, and practically turns his film into an ark. Every character and every incident have their counterpart. An implication of male homosexuality at one point is matched elsewhere by one of female homosexuality. One latecomer who arrives at the reception on horseback is paired with another who pulls up on a motorcycle. Even the event of the wedding itself is neatly balanced by the death of the family matriarch (Lillian Gish) just as the wedding party arrives back at the house for the reception. Altman is also like Rita in that he is trying hard—too hard—to keep it all from becoming just an empty ritual. The real significance of ceremonies like weddings having drained away long ago, Rita is the sort of person who now tries to dedicate herself to going through the motions. That's why she's so pathetic.

Altman's films have usually been wonderful because they're one thing in our lives that doesn't just go through the motions. They take cliché people and events—and movie genres—and revive them for us. They breathe new life into them in the very act of poking fun, because these movies are so original, so full of energy. But *A Wedding* might almost make us wonder whether Altman's own, self-invented forms haven't gone a bit dead on him. It's become too easy and automatic for him to do this kind of stuff.

Altman has always had special feelings, special ambitions, for poor, benighted creatures like Rita. In *Three Women*, he showed us what those feelings were, how intent he is on humanizing such characters. But when his aspirations for a character like this fail, the character becomes more odious than ever. He becomes the sort of person you avoid in real life, someone who would try to corner you at a cocktail party and confide in you. He's the type who acts as if you should help him make sense of his life when in fact you can't figure out what the hell he's talking about. You smile uneasily, and look for your chance to escape. Toward the end, our relationship with *A Wedding*, perhaps with Altman himself, gets to be a little like this. The head of the groom's family, Louis Correlli (Vittorio Gassman), makes a speech to his dead mother-in-law, something about her "*mala casa*." It's rather incoherent and rambling, and much of it is in Italian. At the conclusion he announces, like a Christopher Columbus who has decided the whole thing didn't work out, that he is going back to Italy. And off he goes with his long-lost brother. It's a very pointed and telling gesture, I guess. All I know is that if he hadn't made it at this point, I might have.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

Richard A. Hawley

January

Electrically, cleanly
The news beeps its alarm,
Prints itself silently across our thoughts:
Blizzard . . . Everything is officially wrong . . .
Autos askew, related and unrelated
As by a whimsical magnet,
Snow slung low on the wires
And pop! They're down—

Cold in the walls
And up the stairs
And up your trouser leg
And over the air:
The thru-way is jammed
And on a quiet side street
As a man shovels, an artery closes
And he's down, too.
Sirens sound. The night's alive.

But it's not like this at all.
Out, out past the lights
Meadows are storing this gift like cream,
Tangles of bush and twig fingers
Grow soft in its handling;
Over the cordwood and along the house
It drifts to rest,
Increases itself
Where it belongs.

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A STYLE BOTH LYRICAL AND IDIOSYNCRATIC

Beyond the Cheeveresque

GEORGE HUNT

JOHN CHEEVER has won many awards for his fiction, but the praise and prizes have been reserved for his four excellent novels, *The Wapshot Chronicle, The Wapshot Scandal, Bullet Park,* and *Falconer*. Short stories, by contrast, rarely win important prizes, and collections of stories do not sell well. Cheever persists nonetheless in this neglected *genre,* which he terms "the literature of the nomad." *The Stories of John Cheever* (Knopf, 695 pp, $15), a handsomely designed and printed edition of 61 stories, represents his greatest achievement.

For too long critics have been idly content with the clichés "Cheever country" and "Cheeveresque," a reviewer's shorthand betraying a sensibility less wide and deep than the author's own. Cheever country has become synonymous with the suburbs that abut Route 95 from New York to Boston, a homogenized landscape of semi-elegant cook-outs, drained pools in the winter, parties that begin "Oh, *do* come" and end with forlorn or frantic goodbyes, a place peopled by an upper crust, now moldy or pulpy with desperation, fits of sexual tension, or mere silliness. The implication is that Cheever is something of a sociologist in disguise, a wry and macabre David Riesman who delights in counting the olives in drained martini glasses or the soggy shards of charcoal at aborted cook-outs.

But Cheever is not a sociologist; he is an artist. A social scientist's concern is to so concentrate on particular instances that, accumulatively, a general pattern for understanding the behavior of some segment of society might emerge. The artist, too, begins with the concrete particular, but he *enters* it; a particular experience is thus transformed by his imaginative and compassionate feeling in order that the humanly universal, not the statistically general, might emerge and engage our feeling and imaginative response. The findings of the social sciences are, almost by definition, statable. The results of art elude such definition since the art of fiction, at its best, engages mystery, the mystery of the human and its corollary, the mystery of language.

These twin mysteries are the key to the magic of John Cheever. As this collection demonstrates, the thematic *what* of his fiction is far broader than that of the vicissitudes of megapolis's upper middle class. His central characters range from elevator man to well-digger; the locales include Italy and Russia; and the emotions are rhapsodic and celebratory as often as sad. The recurring place—names like St. Botolph, Shady Hill, Bullet Park are imaginative constructs not social symbols; they are more and less than places on a map. They are, as Cheever has said, "metaphors for human confinement," whether the confinement be that of nostalgia or tradition, or erotic entanglements or of our universal perception of being both travelers and pilgrims and "stuck" somehow, trapped by conflicting aspirations above and below.

THAT thematic *what,* of course, Cheever shares with many contemporary writers; his distinction lies in the artistic *how,* in his remarkably graceful and lucid prose. We respond to the verbal rhythms of our other two most elegant and versatile stylists, John Updike and Saul Bellow, *inside* our heads. Both Updike and Bellow, though, are difficult to read aloud for a sustained period; Cheever's prose almost demands that it be read aloud. It comes as no surprise, then, to learn in his charming preface to this collection that a good deal of these stories were composed that way and tested with his family as critical audience. Cheever's prose edges closer to the cadences of modern poetry than that of any of his contemporaries.

Cheever's style is both lyrical and idiosyncratic. When lyrical, it is reminiscent of the later poetry of W.B. Yeats and, when idiosyncratic, of the later W.H. Auden. Cheever's stories, in fact, engage many Yeatsian themes: the passion for decorum and ceremonies of innocence in the face of the drowning of decay and disruption; the contrast of man's urge for the "higher" beauties of the artistic and natural order with his lower impulses like the sexually chaotic and the murderous; those emotions of manic desperation that accompany one's realization of aging and its consequence, death. Stylistically, Cheever continually uses the later Yeats technique of direct address to the reader. This technique brings to a story a unique dramatic force; the voice is unabashedly personal and we as readers are encountered, willynilly, by someone grabbing us by the lapels. A good number of his stories begin this way: the voice announces that he is a writer and the variations in his tone of voice prepare us (or so we think) for what will follow—but we had better listen or else. The range possible with this technique is remarkable and Cheever exploits it at the beginning of the following stories:

"The Ocean"—a conspiratorial voice: "I am keeping this journal because I believe myself to be in some danger and because I have no other way of recording my fears."

"The Death of Justina"—a complaint: "So help me God it gets more and more preposterous, it corresponds less and less to what I remember and what I expect. . . ."

"Percy"—quaintly philosophical: "Reminiscence, along with the cheeseboards and ugly pottery some-

FATHER GEORGE W. HUNT, S.J., *is on sabbatical leave from LeMoyne College in Syracuse, New York.*

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times given to brides, seems to have a manifest destiny with the sea."

"The Brigadier and the Golf Widow"—apologetic and inquisitive: "I would not want to be one of those writers who begin each morning by exclaiming, 'O Gogol, O Checkhov, O Thackeray and Dickens, what would you have made of a bomb shelter ornamented with four plaster-of-Paris ducks, a birdbath, and three composition gnomes with long beards and red mobcaps?'"

In addition, there are throughout these stories the Yeatsian long lyric line, iambic in rhythm, merging the abstract impulse with the concrete detail. This is Francis Weed's vision in Cheever's masterpiece, "The Country Husband."

> Up through the dimness of his mind rose the image of the mountain deep in snow. It was late in the day. Wherever his eyes looked, he saw broad and heartening things. Over his shoulder, there was a snow-filled valley, rising into wooded hills where the trees dimmed the whiteness like a sparse coat of hair.

But Yeats was never funny, at least deliberately, and it is here that Cheever parts from Yeats and joins Auden. Like Auden, Cheever is not a satirist, though it might seem so. Instead, he is what Kierkegaard called a "humorist," one whose compassionate understanding of the human comedy with its absurd enthusiasms and low-life urgencies forestalls in his heart the easy, mocking perspective of facile satire. Neither Cheever nor Auden expect or desire a radical change in the human condition; they are content to embrace it, whole and not piecemeal, despite a knowing eye. Is not this Audenesque and Cheeveresque?

> We admire decency and we despise death, but even the mountains seem to shift in the space of a night and perhaps the exhibitionist at the corner of Chestnut and Elm streets is more significant than the lovely woman with a bar of sunlight in her hair, putting a fresh piece of cuttlebone in the nightingale's cage.

Like Auden, Cheever's comic technique will entail: a continual and abrupt shifting of stylistic gears from fantasy to realism, a seeming solemnity of tone that suddenly issues in the mock-heroic catching us unawares, the old juxtapositions of different items in a list, with the last detail a comic climax, a blurring switch from the banal to the shocking and a return to the banal. Throughout, as in Auden, the narrator's voice is ever decorous, detached, urbane; but its tone is never "tsk-tsk," rather it is "well, what do *we* know" and "wait, there's even more to tell."

Fortunately, in Cheever there is always more to tell, and the fertility of his imagination is extraordinary. One critic has described Cheever's style with dis-

favor as "episodic notation" in that his narratives move swiftly and almost in linear fashion from one glimpse, one incident, one snippet of conversation to another. What is sacrificed here in terms of organic fictional unity—always the stuffy critic's touchstone when he has little else to say—is redeemed by exceptional inventiveness, flexibility and versatility. This apparently loose structure gives his stories the qualities of a yarn and, *sans* dialect and sentimentality, places him firmly in the American tradition of Mark Twain, Ring Lardner and Damon Runyon. Furthermore, a Cheever dialogue is unique in that, while it remains true to our realistic ear, it is always heightened beyond realism to a peculiar brand of poetic speech—and it is this that sets him apart from the genial accuracy of a John O'Hara or Philip Roth.

FINALLY, the acid test of the comic: Cheever is consistently hilarious. Alone with Peter De Vries's best efforts, Cheever's fiction is not meant to be read among strangers, on planes or trains where suddenly laughing out loud might be thought unseemly or worse. Here, for example, is one narrator's summary account of his eccentric Aunt Percy's marriage:

> Percy and Abbott Tracy met in some such place, and she fell in love. He had already begun a formidable and clinical sexual career, and seemed unacquainted in any way with sentiment, although I recall that he liked to watch children saying their prayers. Percy listened for his footsteps, she languished in his absence, his cigar cough sounded to her like music, and she filled a portfolio with pencil sketches of his face, his eyes, his hands, and, after their marriage, the rest of him.

More famous is the opening paragraph to "The Swimmer." Here the subtle variations on the repetitiveness of human excuses capture not only a specific hangover but a more fundamental, universal experience of misgiving that is beyond all genteel excuse.

> It was one of those midsummer Sundays when everyone sits around saying: "I *drank* too much last night." You might have heard it whispered by the parishioners leaving church, heard it from the lips of the priest himself, struggling with his cassock in the *vestiarium*, heard it from the golf links and the tennis courts, heard it from the wild-life preserve where the leader of the Audubon group was suffering from a terrible hangover. "I *drank* too much," said Donald Westerhazy. "We all *drank* too much," said Lucinda Merrill. "It must have been the wine," said Helen Westerhazy. "I *drank* too much of that claret."

Just as Cheever is not a strict satirist he is not a moralist either. And yet, hi

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work, as his last novel *Falconer* made evident, is deeply Christian in sensibility. Few of his stories, apart from cleverly inserted Biblical allusions, are obviously religious in design. But Cheever's sympathy with his characters' fallen state together with their vague yearnings for personal rebirth, for a virtuous life possibly untrammeled by life's more sordid confusions, betray his sincere Episcopal beliefs. Every artist's endeavor demands an implicit faith-commitment to a world he hopes will reward it, but Cheever has been more religiously specific. He has said in an interview, "The religious experience is very much my concern, as it seems to me it is the legitimate concern of any adult who has experienced love. . . . The whiteness of light. In the church, you know, that always represents the Holy Spirit. It seems to me that man's inclination toward light, toward brightness, is very nearly botanical--and I mean spiritual light. One not only needs it, one struggles for it. It seems to be that one's total experience is the drive toward light."

Unfortunately, despite that inviting light, we are *here* and not there, yet. Cheever, like all great artists consciously committed to religious faith or otherwise, begins here. No other short story in my memory captures better what theologians have called the mystery of Original Sin than his excellent "Seaside Houes." In the story, the narrator, a gentle and reasonable man, has rented a summer cottage for his family. Gradually, he realizes that the Greenwoods who had rented the cottage the previous summer have left ominous moral baggage behind. The narrator discovers a boy's scrawl, "My father is a rat," hidden on a corner baseboard; caches of empty whiskey bottles are found; obscene gossip is later heard about the Greenwoods; soon the narrator begins to dream dreams that he realizes are Mr. Greenwood's dreams. Suddenly, Mr. Greenwood's presence begins to infect him, destroying his relationship with his wife and family. Greenwood has become his counterpart, he divorces, and the story ends with this reflection of his in another seaside house with another wife:

> The shore is curved, and I can see the lights of other haunted cottages where people are building up an accrual of happiness or misery that will be left for the August tenants or the people who come next year. Are we truly this close to one another? Must we impose our burdens on strangers? And is our sense of the universality of suffering so inescapable?

Perhaps those last lines sound faitly cosmic or even pompous, but it is a generous risk that Cheever takes. The other risk is the risk to be hilarious, a risk that the truly pompous regard as lightweight. Like life itself, humor has no weight, only intensity. No one without a sense of humor can deeply enjoy any other of the myriad of human sensations; sadly, for those without, humor and its acolytes offer not mystery but endless mystification. But humor, certainly as often as tragedy, shocks us into truth. Cheever does this again and again; as he has said, "We can cherish nothing less than our random understanding of death and the earth-shaking love that draws us to one another."

Books: THE FOUNDATION OF ETHICS

THE MORAL CHOICE

Daniel C. Maguire

Doubleday, $10.95 [477 pp.]

Robert O. Johann

BERNARD Lonergan once remarked that the reason why even good historians are often confused about the nature of historical knowledge is because they lack a decent general theory of cognition. The same could be said of most contemporary ethicists. They don't know what moral knowledge is because, with all their emphasis on logical and linguistic analysis, they have never figured out what knowledge is.

With *The Moral Choice*, Daniel Maguire hopes to correct that shortcoming. "This book," he writes in its very first sentence, "presents a theory of moral knowledge. . .". Unlike so many of today's intellectuals, he has no doubt that we do indeed *know* in such matters, that our moral judgments are genuinely cognitive. The task of the ethicist, as he sees it, is not to vindicate the possibility of such knowledge, but rather to lay bare its foundation and develop a methodology for more surely acquiring it. The upshot is a brightly written, wide-ranging, remarkably erudite book that is light years away from practically everything philosophers have been turning out recently in this field. It is, to be sure, not without serious flaws (see below), but no one interested in ethics can fail to learn from it.

The chapters of *The Moral Choice* fall roughly into four groups. First, there is an introductory section in which the author stresses the contemporary need for a theory and method of moral discernment both because of the pressing issues confronting us (Chap. I) and because of the prevailing mood of negation and reductionism in the realm of value (Chap. II). Next comes the foundational part (Chap. III) in which the author explores the nature, grounds, and meaning of the moral enterprise. (Briefly, morality has to do with "all judgments of what *befits or does not befit persons as persons.*" Its foundation is "*the experience of the value of persons and their environment.*" In exploring its meaning, we are simultaneously exploring the meaning of love and personhood.) Then in great detail (Chaps. IV-XII), he elaborates his

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methodology. The model he suggests for his method is a wagon-wheel with central hub and nine spokes. The hub is made up of what Maguire calls "reality-revealing questions" and represents the crucial need to determine the facts of the case before rushing to judgment. The spokes, on the other hand, pertain to the evaluative phase and represent the plurality of resources available for this task (e.g. reason, affectivity, creative imagination, individual and group experience, etc.) as well as the illuminating perspectives from which it can be carried out (here the author shows how the comic and the tragic are related to ethics). Finally, there is a catch-all section (Chap. XIII) on the "hazards of moral discourse" in which attention is called to a whole range of relativizing conditions (e.g. myths, moods, social roles, etc.) that frequently distort our vision and must be guarded against.

The scope of *The Moral Choice* is thus quite impressive. Equally, if not more so, is the extraordinary wealth of material that Maguire has integrated into his presentation. The findings of the psychological and social sciences, as well as a diversity of traditions in philosophy and theology are all liberally represented. Maguire is anything but the innocent in interdisciplinary discourse that philosophers often have been in the past and unfortunately, in many cases, still are.

> *Moral debate takes place because persons are perceived as valuable in such an exquisite way that a world of awe and oughts is born in response to them. Ethics exists as an effort to see what does and does not befit persons in all of their marvelous and compelling valuableness and sacredness. Where this valuableness is not perceived, or where it is perceived as applying only to a few, distinctively human living is cut short.* —The Moral Choice

Having said all this, however, I must now confess my disappointment in the book. It is, indeed, as I have described it: bright, striking, talented, even showy. But it is also, often enough, strangely shallow. This is not, to be sure, for any dearth of profound ideas. There is a welter of these, both original and borrowed. But the author fails to develop and interrelate their implications. Of these, indeed, he sometimes seems hardly aware.

A case in point and absolutely central to the book's theme, has to do with the cognitive status of ethical judgments. Contrary to much contemporary thought, according to which ethical norms are inevitably system-dependent, the author wants to defend their objective character, or what he calls "ethical realism." Yet the one conclusion to which his own work points, with all its stress on the individual and social factors at work in ethical reflection, is that our ethical convictions are necessarily relative and subjective. As he himself remarks, "We do not know 'from the neck up'; all that we are is involved in our knowing. . . . There are filters, socially and intrapersonally derived, that stand between us and what is" (p. 411). But if this is the case, and I have no doubt that it is, the presumed objectivity of our "knowledge" becomes quite problematic. If our ethical

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judgments are a function of all the factors that have shaped our individual lives, how is what we take to be "knowing" anything more than personal "opinion"?

This is the fundamental question, which Maguire's own position raises but which he nowhere really tackles (his few paragraphs on normative relativism notwithstanding). In fact, in the crucial third chapter, the stand taken on the foundation of morality would seem to make genuine moral knowledge impossible. For what he does is to identify that foundation with a particular, contingent experience. As he himself puts it, "It is this experience [of the value of persons] that sets us apart from beast *and barbarian*" (italics mine). In other words, the "foundational experience" is not something implicit in all descriptively human experience. It is rather one experience alongside others and one which a whole class of humans, *viz.* barbarians, could be without. But this is precisely a form of cultural relativism. For if the foundation of morality is the rational basis for moral behavior, then, lacking the experience in question, our barbarian friend has no grounds for acting morally. This means that the morally right action is not what befits persons *as persons;* it is rather what befits certain persons—those, namely, who have had a certain (culturally conditioned) experience of persons.

The kind of confusion at work here is made explicit a few paragraphs later (p. 75). Noting that his argument is not based on a claim of the universality of the foundational experience—"No one" he says, "lacking universal knowledge could make such a claim" (which, by the way, is true only if the experience in question is not implicit in all experience but is rather a particular, contingent affair)—he goes on to say: "Something need not be universal to be considered genuinely and normatively human." This, in the context, is absurd. Obviously, a rule of conduct need not be universally followed to be a valid moral rule. But the rational basis of moral action must be universal, i.e. bound up in some sense with man's nature as man, if morality is to be understood as more than a relative matter. And that's the point at issue.

Lapses like these undermine the author's aim to provide an epistemology of ethics, as does also his failure to analyze adequately the structure of moral judgment. Actually, however, I think he is really less interested in basic cognitional theory applied to ethics than in a kind of consciousness-raising, at which he is very good. What he has provided here is a brilliant over-view of the moral sphere from a particular perspective—that, namely, of a liberated and liberal American Catholic intellectual. From no other perspective would it look quite the same.

Ambition and authority

THE YOUNG HAMILTON: A BIOGRAPHY
James Thomas Flexner
Little, Brown and Company, $15 [378 pp.]

ANDREW JACKSON AND THE COURSE OF AMERICAN EMPIRE, 1767-1821
Robert V. Remini
Harper & Row, $15 [502 pp.]

R. Emmett Curran

ALTHOUGH we associate Alexander Hamilton and Andrew Jackson with different periods of early American history, Hamilton was Jackson's senior by merely a decade. Both fought in the Revolution. Both had fateful (in Hamilton's case fatal as well) experiences with Aaron Burr. Born into poverty and very early in life thrown upon their own resources, Hamilton and Jackson not only survived but changed the course of the young American nation.

James Thomas Flexner and Robert Remini, two of the finest practicing biographers, have long associations with their subjects. Yet each, like Edward Gibbon on the steps of *Ara Coeli*, had epiphanies in researching these studies. Flexner set out to untap the inner feelings of the discreet Hamilton. What he found made him feel as though he "had stepped under Niagara." "In all my career as a biographer," he reflects, "I had never come across documents so revealing." A psychological analysis of Hamilton's earliest years convinced him that Hamilton had experienced such squalor and betrayal in his boyhood that it left him the "most psychologically troubled of the founding fathers."

Shamed as an illegitimate child and separated from his aristocratic, ne'er-do-well father by a mother who later abandoned him, Flexner's Hamilton carried with him from the Leeward Islands an abiding contempt for human nature and a "moneygrubbing" world that made failures of men like his father. The emigration to New York, according to Flexner, was the start of a lifelong quest for a new identity, but there were eventually two Hamiltons: one visionary, logical, controlled, the other a "semi-madman who sought from the world an ever-denied release from inner wounds."

Immensely ambitious, Hamilton's options for achieving the aristocratic ideal of his father were exceedingly limited. Already at twelve, he realized that military glory was one possibility. "I wish there was a war," he wistfully wrote a friend. Less than two years after landing in New York, Hamilton had his wish. Despite fragile health, he captained an artillery company in the early campaigns of the Revolution and joined Washington's staff. The relationship with Washington was at best an ambivalent one for Hamilton, Flexner reasons. While Hamilton found in the aristocratic and beleaguered Washington a surrogate father, he also fought to remain detached. Washington, for his part, neither during the war nor afterwards, was particularly close to Hamilton. The two fell out in 1781 (Hamilton had apparently been long looking for a pretext) and the former aide went back to leading troops. He successfully fought for the honor of storming a British redoubt at Yorktown but his reckless bravery brought no honors. Hamilton's dreams of military glory were always stillborn.

The rootlessness of Hamilton was his strength as well as his weakness. Having no love for country, which in the late eighteenth century meant local commu-

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nity or state, Hamilton found it easy to advocate a strong national government. His service as Washington's aide convinced him that the chief cause for the flagging fortunes of the revolution was the refusal of the states to grant any real power to Congress. Hamilton's remedy was to devise a federal system that gave Congress broad sovereignty in matters related to peace, war, trade, foreign affairs and finance. Financial matters increasingly concerned him. "The only plan that can preserve the currency," he wrote in 1778, "is one that would make it to the immediate interest of the monied men to cooperate with the government. . . ." (p. 266) Three years later he was sure that a moderate national debt owed to the right people would be a blessing.

"When Hamilton passionately sought an objective," Flexner observes, "he moved like a missile that pulls all air currents into patterns that will serve its flight." (p. 396) Pursuing the dream of a strong national government and financial stability through credit, Hamilton urged Washington to refuse to disband the army after the peace settlement unless Congress approved Hamilton's plan for establishing credit and meeting the nation's financial obligations to army and civilian creditors. Hamilton failed to sway Washington but did convince Congress to move from Philadelphia to Princeton in 1783 during a minor mutiny of continental soldiers in the capital in order to dramatize the need for strengthening the powers of the central government. The ploy failed miserably, although this incident was later used as an argument for basing the capital in a federally controlled territory.

Hamilton's desperate moves to recast the structure of government were too premature. When that movement toward a strong federalism materialized in 1786, Hamilton re-emerged to play a key role in shaping the new nation. With the possible exception of Washington, no one did more than Hamilton, Flexner asserts, to complete the Revolution. But while Hamilton's genius built national unity, "his psychic wounds sowed disunion that was also absorbed into the continuing structure of the United States." (p. 436)

Flexner's portrayal of Hamilton is brilliant in its overall form but marred by the author's tendency to uncover the Leeward Islands behind virtually every line of Hamilton's character that he etches. Other influences tend to be underplayed or ignored. He is particularly good at demythologizing Hamilton; but the split-personality, self-destructive Hamilton he fashions is freighted with some new myths in the process, such as seeing Hamilton as a major source for the disunity that eventually drove North and South into civil war.

Robert Remini also had an *Ara Coeli* experience in doing research on Jackson in Spain. Feeling that a new biography of Jackson was long overdue, Remini intended to chart for this volume Jackson's career up to the election of 1828. The Spanish archives, however, gave him a radical new insight into the man he has scrutinized for so much of his outstanding career as a scholar. Sitting in a reading room in Seville, it suddenly occurred to Remini that "Andrew Jackson, more than any other man of the nineteenth century, had determined the course of American expansion." (p. xii)

Jackson came of age on the Tennessee frontier. Remini shows how much Jackson embodied the aspirations and fears of frontier society, especially its voracious appetite for land and its hostility towards the three forces blocking expansion: the English, Spanish, and Indians. Jackson was not only a product of the frontier's needs for expansion and defense, but the man most responsible for fulfilling them by his defeat of the British at New Orleans, his forcing the Spanish out of Florida, and his destruction of Indian power east of the Mississippi. "In terms of acquisitions," Remini concludes, "it is not too farfetched to say that the physical shape of the United States today looks pretty much like it does largely because of the intentions and efforts of Andrew Jackson." (p. 398)

Unlike Flexner, Remini plays down the psychological legacy of Jackson's impoverished youth. He implies that the two sides of Jackson, one fierce and militant, the other compassionate and generous, were usually calculated and under much more control than most observers suspected. The self-reliance that Jackson was forced to cultivate produced also the need for enormous self-esteem. If Hamilton sought the aristocratic ideal, Jackson pursued the aristocratic image, working hard to be regarded a gentleman. Like Hamilton, he was fiercely ambitious. Using the legal profession as a stepping stone to power and acquiring land as rapidly as possible, Jackson was elected to the House of Representatives when he was twenty-nine and appointed to the Senate two years later in 1798, only to discover that he was in over his head. The prudent Jackson resigned after one session and returned to Tennessee to sit effectively as a backwoods judge.

The militia in the early nineteenth century was still a primary road for political advancement. In 1802 Jackson was elected major general of the Tennessee militia. His height (over 6 feet) and charisma gave him the commanding presence that Hamilton lacked. His first opportunity to make his mark as a general came in 1803 when he agreed to support Aaron Burr's western intrigues, thinking that Burr was leading an undeclared war against the Spanish as an agent for the Jefferson administration. When the Burr plot unraveled, Jackson escaped prosecution but his reputation was badly compromised.

At the outbreak of the War of 1812 his offer of 2,500 men was ignored in Washington.

Finally ordered to New Orleans in 1813, he and his men were suddenly dismissed without provisions 500 miles from Nashville. Out of this harrowing experience emerged a mythic figure, an Old Testament warrior, named by his

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troops "Old Hickory," and hailed by the people of the frontier as their protector. Jackson carefully nurtured the image. The Creek War enlarged it, although it also permanently shattered his health. Near total collapse, he invaded Florida without orders after the Spanish governor invited the British to land in reaction to Jackson's threats. Forced by Jackson's seizure of Pensacola to invade farther west than they had originally intended, the British chose New Orleans only to find Jackson waiting. Not a great tactician, he achieved his monumental victory through the combination of luck and morale-boosting that was his forte as a commander.

Even though the war had already ended before the battle of New Orleans, official word of the settlement reached Washington nine days after the news of Jackson's victory. The reassertion of independence that the settlement signified and Jackson's victory were inescapably bound together in the nation's mind.

Such was Jackson's heroic stature in the wake of the war that four years later, when Henry Clay and others attempted to censure the general for his unauthorized expulsion of the Spanish from Florida, Jackson was mobbed wherever he went and bands invariably struck up: *See the Conquering Hero Comes*. As Remini points out, Jackson was carrying out the implicit orders of the Monroe administration. Ironically one of the firmest supporters of Jackson was Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, whose continental vision depended very much on a Jackson to make it a reality. What Jackson personally left undone, his protégés, Sam Houston and James Polk, completed.

Bourne again

THE MIDDLE PARTS OF FORTUNE

Frederic Manning

St. Martin's Press, $8.95 [247 pp.]

THE WARS

Timothy Findley

Delacorte Press, $8.95 [226 pp.]

Mark Taylor

THE URGE to quote myself proves irresistible. About a year ago I wrote in this magazine of Frederic Manning's *Her Privates We*, "I can hardly think of a novel I would more like to see reintroduced into print in America." Some editor at St. Martin's had been thinking along similar lines, evidently, and that press now offers rather more than what I was asking for: not quite *Her Privates We*, often recognized in the 1930s as "the book of books so far as the British Army-in-the-War is concerned" (T. E. Lawrence), but its progenitor, *The Middle Parts of Fortune*, Manning's original novel of the Great War, which was published in 1929, privately and anonymously, one year before its expurgated, re-named offspring. *Her Privates We* had, and deserved, a considerable following for a generation or so, but *The Middle Parts of Fortune* has never before been generally available.

Manning did not eviscerate his creation. In no important respect do the two versions of the novel—it is accurate to say two versions, not two novels—differ, though since *The Middle Parts of Fortune* is what Manning wanted, it is a just tribute to his memory that we should have it. The earlier book contains a small number of words, some of them in many instances, that in England and America were unacceptable in print in 1930 and for some time thereafter; for them, the later volume makes substitutions that are (presumably) less offensive but hardly less colorful, and if they, the substitutions, are in fact inauthentic imitations of the speech of the B.E.F. in the trenches, they do not sound inauthentic. Sometimes, indeed, the opposite is the case: paradoxically, it is the "taboo" words that sound bland and neutral, because now, after all, they are everywhere, whereas the "euphemism" better suggests, or seems to, to an American ear, what an English soldier should have said sixty years ago. At other times, the excised word has never been popular in America or regarded as very shocking. There is one anomalous place in *Her Privates We* where Manning substituted, not a word, but a row of asterisks: "He told me to go to*******, sir,' replied Bourne very quietly." We can now read in *The Middle Parts of Fortune*, "'He told me to go to buggery, sir,'" and smile at the British sense of propriety. Elsewhere in *Her Privates We* there is, it turns out, only the appearance of rewriting: "What these luxurious creatures [the senior NCO's in the company] really wanted was a man to skivvy for them; and, though Bourne as a rule avoided the use of coarse language, he knew precisely what he would be before he acted as a kind of general batman to the orderly room. . . ." That elegant, complicated, and very funny sentence reads identically in both versions.

If, however, *The Middle Parts of Fortune* does not offer more of consequence than *Her Privates We*, it does not offer less, and the essential book for which I wished last year is again available in this country. That is an event of considerable proportions, for to me it is unimaginable that any novel by a participant in the War of 1914-18 has more to tell us of the reality of the Western Front, or can tell it more faithfully, and moreover, in addition to this substantial documentary value, that any novel (again, by a participant) better succeeds in transforming its materials into literature. For this, the reasons are many and various, but preeminent among them is the conception of its protagonist, the mysterious Bourne: "He felt curiously isolated even from [his best

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friends in the company]. He was not of their county, he was not even of their country, or their religion, and he was only partially of their race. When they spoke of their remote villages and hamlets, or sleepy market-towns in which nothing happened except the church clock chiming the hour, he felt like an alien among them. . . .'' But he is their hero. I hope that Bourne's story will become widely known again.

''War is waged by men,'' wrote Frederic Manning, ''not by beasts, or by gods. It is a peculiarly human activity. To call it a crime against mankind is to miss at least half of its significance; it is also the punishment of a crime.'' That is probably true. It is also probably true that the closer a novelist stands to the war about which he writes, the more likely he is to miss this second half of his war's significance, and to see it instead as akin to a natural disaster—if an act of God, then, a gratuitous act of God. It is the later novelist who sees the war as part of a larger human picture; for this he pays, usually, by sacrificing the ''feel'' of the thing, what it was like to be there.

Not Timothy Findley. The first thing to be said about *The Wars*, his third novel, is that he gets it right, so far, anyway, as one can judge from reading the novels, poems, and memoirs of Manning and his contemporaries. Every page of combat in *The Wars* could document this assertion; there is, for example, the account (pp. 139-44) of a chlorine gas attack that is as realistic, and as terrifying, and as moving, as the comparable attack in Wilfred Owen's celebrated lyric *''Dulce et Decorum Est.''*

But that is far from all that Mr. Findley has accomplished. However well he portrays the Canadian Army on the battlefields of Belgium in 1915 and 1916, his subject, his title tells us, is not the War but the Wars, the perhaps uncounted monstrosities his hero Robert Ross is caught up in, and finally destroyed by, of which the Western Front is but the most public and, in that precise form, the most widely shared. Mr. Findley's theme is life—human life but also the lives of horses and even rabbits—its value, its would-be preserver, and its multiform enemies; this theme he has crafted into an affecting and distinguished novel—in every way a worthy companion, many years later, to the work of Frederic Manning.

In the war you had to face it day after day—week after week—month after month—year after year. Every day another friend. And what I hate these days is the people who weren't there and they look back and say we became inured. Your heart froze over—yes. But to say we got used *to it! God—that makes me so angry!? No.* —The Wars

Above the mélée

FREUD, JEWS AND OTHER GERMANS:
Masters and Victims in Modernist Culture

Peter Gay

Oxford, $12.95 [289 pp.]

Wayne Andrews

''I HAD come,'' Peter Gay, Durfee Professor of History at Yale, tells us, ''to understand the folly of believing that the only good German was a dead German.'' A refugee himself, he also felt that ''if some Germans did not need forgiveness, other Germans had committed crimes that could not be forgiven.'' So far, so good. But then there is the problem of distinguishing between German *culture* and German *civilization*. In this book of essays centered on the problems of German Jews in modern times, he seems to have forgotten that there were subtle men and women who survived the horrors of the Third Reich without sacrificing their ideals. There is no mention of the gentile novelist Gertrud von Le Fort who wrote in *Our Road through the Night* that ''not only the light of day but the night as well has its wonders. There are flowers that grow only in the wilderness.'' She could recall the campaign waged in her Bavarian village of Oberstdorf to allow a dead Jew to be buried beside his gentile wife, and she knew that she did not stand alone. Then there was the case of the half-Jewish Elizabeth Langgässer, forced to slave in a Nazi factory producing cables, who maintained in *The Seal That Will Not Be Erased* that not only the Ile-de-France but all of France was baptized and so touched with the grace of God.

Professor Gay has no time, unfortunately, for such distinctions. The figures he is writing about turn all too quickly into solemn statues larger than life set on pedestals too high for human eyes to reach. Take Freud, for instance. We are told that he is ''the Columbus of the mind.'' Later on, he is described as ''the Reluctant Columbus of the mind.'' What does all this mean? Could it be that Freud has climbed out of his grave to protest the appalling reverence of this admirer?

That Freud was a human being with human failings does not seem to have occurred to Gay. We are never informed that he was scared stiff by Nietzsche. This is a fact, if we may trust Lou Andreas-Salomé, who came to know both men and reported that Freud found Nietzsche's mind ''too rich to digest.'' Nor does Gay have a word to say about Freud's sad comment on the death of the rebel Alfred Adler. ''I don't understand your sympathy,'' Freud wrote one of Adler's friends. ''For a Jew boy out of a Vienna suburb, death in Aberdeen is an unheard-of career in itself, and proof of how far he had got on. The world really rewarded him richly for his services in contradicting psychoanalysis.''

Gay, a diligent man when it comes to footnotes, has obviously read widely on his subject, but his handling of the evidence at his disposal is open to question.

REVIEWERS

ROBERT O. JOHANN *teaches in the Department of Philosophy at Fordham University.*

FATHER R. EMMETT CURRAN, S.J., *teaches history at Georgetown University.*

MARK TAYLOR *teaches in the English Department at Manhattan College.*

WAYNE ANDREWS *is Archives of American Art Professor at Wayne State University.*

BARBARA MUTKOSKI *is an assistant professor of English at Bergen College.*

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He will have us believe that the distinguished novelist Theodor Fontane was one of those anti-Semites. This is not exactly the truth. While Fontane did lose his temper one day in writing about the Jews to a friend, perhaps he should be remembered for the creation of Dubslav von Stechlin, the leading character in his posthumous novel. This nobleman is positive that "the Jews aren't really so bad as many people believe." On his deathbed, when obliged to send for an awkward Jewish physician, he is taunted by one of the local bigots. "You should put up with him," he is reminded. "Besides we all know that Major von Stechlin has what he might call more or less a weakness for seeing things from the philosemitic side." This remark gives Dubslav—or shall we say Fontane—a glorious opportunity. "It is true," comes his reply, "that Major von Stechlin has a certain philosemitic leaning, because he can't stand un-Christian behavior, and above all, stuffy talk about principles. I am one of those who like to examine every question from the standpoint of the individual concerned. And frankly, I don't like certain individuals. For example, this new doctor."

Professor Gay feels more at ease with Thomas Mann, whom he salutes as "a giant of German and world literature." Your reviewer, who must confess to having read every word of Mann in the original, would like to add that Mann is now and then tiresome. As giants often are. And in a book dedicated to the Jewish question, why is there no word about Mann on this point? Certainly he was not the ideal son-in-law for the wealthy Munich Jew Alfred Pringsheim. "You can't really imagine that this is a Jewish home," Thomas advised his brother Heinrich on the eve of his marriage to Katja Pringsheim. "You can't smell anything but culture. I have no fear of great wealth," he went on. "And when I think things over from a practical standpoint, I have the impression that I'd be quite welcome. I am a Christian, I come from a good family, and I have accomplished something that these people may be smart enough to appreciate." For some reason Herr Pringsheim failed to appreciate *The Blood of the Walsungs*, a tale by Thomas in which he was pilloried for his blood. His children, the author of *The Buddenbrooks* made plain, "despised him for his antecedents, for the blood that flowed in his veins, and so flowed in their own."

Incidentally, Gay would like to dismiss Friedrich Nietzsche as an anti-Semite. This may not be quite fair to the man who argued in 1886 that "the Jews are without question the strongest, toughest and purest race now living in Europe." The trouble with Nietzsche was that he was a representative of German civilization and not of German culture. "Anyone who likes the Germans," Nietzsche maintained in one of his humorous moments, "must hope they will grow out of their German habits. The art of becoming un-German has always been appreciated by the best elements of the German people."

It has been thirty-three years now since the Germans lost the Second World War. Hasn't the time come, Professor Gay, to give German civilization a chance?

In brief

SEVEN AMERICAN CATHOLICS, *by John Deedy, The Thomas More Press, $8.95 [204 pp.]*

How much of the political and spiritual climate of our own time is shaped by individuals who have preceded us, individuals who may be nearly forgotten today? John Deedy's book, *Seven American Catholics*, profiles the lives of several charismatic personages who have influenced both the Church and America. Ironically, many of these personages have affected history in ways which they had not intended. The Catholics he has chosen have not all been "giants" in the historical sense, yet "each at one point or another has touched the lives of us all."

The seven American Catholics chosen by Deedy span a variety of professions. In sequence, he profiles: Alfred E. Smith, William Henry O'Connell, Francis Joseph Spellman, Leonard Feeney, John Courtney Murray, Dorothy Day, Tom Dooley. As Deedy states, most of his subjects have nothing in common except their religion and their nationality. "*Except!* Having religion and nationality in common, in a sense they have everything in common." Deedy neglects to mention that, with the exception of one, all of his charismatic subjects are of Irish descent!

Deedy's prose is colloquial.. His profiles are lively and candid. If some of his conjectures are questionable, his arguments are presented with logic and persuasion. For example, he credits Tom Dooley with having played an instrumental role, "perhaps even the instrumental role" in creating the climate of opinion that made escalated involvement in Indochina and the Vietnam war itself possible. He also suggests that Dooley might have been a secret agent for the CIA. He sees Alfred E. Smith's defeat in the presidential campaign of 1928 as strengthening the spirit of the Irish subculture, enabling it to survive for another thirty years, and ultimately making easier John Kennedy's run for the presidency. In one of his most colorful chapters, Deedy credits Cardinal William Henry O'Connell as having left the church a remarkable legacy. Along with O'Connell's collected letters, his memoirs, his villa in Nassau and his summer home in Marblehead, O'Connell and "his type" have left their mark on our time. "They are part of what made Vatican II necessary."

John Deedy's book is not a scholarly collection of biographical sketches. It is a candid commentary, told in the vernacular, about the influence of seven people upon their country and their church. As Deedy puts it: ". . . each was significant for better or for worse in some special way, and each leaves a footstep or two, however faint, on the sands of time. I've attempted to outline them. If I have missed some, blame it on the fact that sands can shift with each new stirring of the breeze."

BARBARA MUTKOSKI

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 2)

Clearly, then, the article is addressed, very directly, to the readers of *Commonweal*. People like myself. Younger. Indeed, you no doubt have your demographic readership studies, and those things always show that the average reader is a white middle class male 29 years old. (People of that kidney read a great many magazines!)

Myself, I'm pushing 40. Hard. And I had attained the age of 6 when World War II ended.

I conclude this: Catholics will go to any lengths to find something to feel guilty about.

There is a more sobering conclusion: the article is a rather melodramatic example of the we-are-all-guilty response to the Holocaust. And that is, in my opinion, an appallingly immoral response. If "we" (in some comfortably undefined sense) are "all" (perhaps childishly referring to parents, policemen, politicians, and other authority figures) guilty, then none of us (in any particularly meaningful sense) is guilty. We are simply substituting a fashionable, hysterical, and pseudo-moral self-flagellation for analysis.

BRIAN MURPHY

Henderson, Texas

To the Editors: Has *Commonweal* become a *National Enquirer* of the Left?

The "cheap shot" sensationalism and gross technical inaccuracies of "Why wasn't Auschwitz bombed?" by Roger M. Williams (November 24) is the source of my concern.

First, the inaccuracies: (1) It was the War Department, then, not the "Department of War" (and no department, not even the War Department "said" anything, much less ". . . said curtly." Williams's piece is full of this kind of suspect references). (2) ". . . 127 Flying Fortresses (B-24's) . . ." The Flying Fortress is a B-17. (3) "The most selective American bombers of the day were P-38 Lightnings . . ." The P-38 was a fighter, period. The term "selective" as used here has no military meaning whatsoever. The P-51 Mustang was the most effective *dive* bomber we had when fitted with dive brakes. I don't believe the P-38 was ever fitted with dive brakes, or that it could carry two 1,000 bombs, certainly not to Auschwitz and back (4) To refer to the 1943 Ploesti raid parenthetically as being ". . . to some, ill fated . . ." is black comedy. It was a disaster, total. I know. I was in Benghazi, from which that raid was mounted, the following day. (5) Finally, where does Williams cite qualified authorities or what are his qualifications for making statements such as, "The United States had the capability to put Auschwitz out of business, with miniscule damage to the war effort . . ."? There are serious military scholars who question the value of the entire strategic bombing effort in WWII, I know the limitations on bombing accuracy. Williams's bland assurance that the Nazis could be hit without damage to their victims is vicious nonsense.

Cruel grotesqueries characterize the entire piece. And that is the basis of my "cheap shot" charge. We are wracked with the guilt and horror of the Holocaust and reminded of the anti-Semitism of the (at least, I believe) Army Air Corps (I never met a Jewish pilot, only navigators and bombardiers), and, then, on this grisly structure, Williams builds his puny proposition! and this guy's a Senior Editor of the *Saturday Review??* Oy vey!

Shame on *Commonweal!* I'll take all the Frank Getlein you will publish, but, please, no more of the Williams-type junk.

J. W. DEES

New Paltz, N.Y.

To the Editors: I read with interest Roger M. Williams's article, "Why Wasn't Auschwitz Bombed?" (Nov. 24). Mr. Williams certainly raises an issue and makes a sound point. Nevertheless, are we to learn nothing from this event? Why didn't Mr. Williams apply the lesson we should have learned from the Holocaust to current examples of genocide? Why aren't the UN, the U.S., the Soviet Union and the Peoples Republic of China (all self-proclaimed defenders of the

(Continued on page 31)

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(Continued from page 29)

rights and dignity of human beings) up in arms over the genocide in Cambodia? Why aren't the "idealistic" American college students and their professors conducting marches? Will, some day, another playright excoriate Kurt Waldheim, Jimmy Carter, *et al.* for not doing anything or enough for the suffering people of Cambodia? Surely, the reasons for articles such as Mr. Williams's is that tyranny and genocide will continually occur. The issue concerns the question: What will we do about it?

JOSEPH EULIE

Reply

Mr. Von Kuehnelt-Leddihn makes a provocative suggestion about substituting a lives-saving deal for unconditional surrender, though I doubt that either Hitler or the American public would have accepted it. If Brian Murphy has to go to "any lengths" to feel at least a little guilty about the Holocaust, I pity him. And whether you're pushing 40, 14, or 84, Mr. Murphy, history teaches: learn. As for the intemperate Mr. Dees, I'll exchange my military-hardware error for his: the B-17 was the Flying Fortress, but the P-38 was not "a fighter, period"; I refer him to Vol. 6, P. 215 of *The Army Air Force in World War II*, which I would assume he's devoured, to wit, "As a fighter-bomber with a bomb load of 2,000 pounds, the plane had an average combat range. . . ." etc. His other allegations of factual error result from careless reading: Throughout the piece I use the correct term, War Department; I did say the P-38 armed with bombs "was unable to get to Auschwitz and back"; I myself raised the very troubling prospect that camp inmates would have been killed in any bombing. Regarding my qualifications for saying the bombing would've had a miniscule effect on our war effort, my authority is common sense. Try a little, Mr. Dees.

ROGER WILLIAMS

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